

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE people say in Dimpledell,—  
They've known her from a baby,—  
There's not a child behaves as well  
As little Prudence Maybe.  
When anybody looks at her  
She curtsies most precisely;  
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,  
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,  
A village like a toy one.  
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies  
Whose light showers don't annoy one.  
'T is clean and neat, and green and sweet  
The country lanes about it;  
And Prudence dwells in Primrose Street—  
Inquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful, she will say,—  
Lest she should fib, though blindly,—  
"Aunt Lucy's very well to-day,  
*Perhaps*—I thank you kindly!"  
"Aunt buys—I am not certain, quite—  
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acres."  
"I *think* the turning to the right  
Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—  
The big best cup—and fills it;  
And brings the parson's tea herself,  
And never, never spills it.  
The parson holds it on his knee,  
And sips it at his leisure:  
"A careful little maid," says he.  
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;  
Her frills are crisp and snowy;  
Her nut-brown hair is meek and sleek  
In weather wild and blowy.  
The other children hear the praise—  
If cross or careless they be—  
Of all the prim and pretty ways  
Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share  
Unkind opinions bandy:  
She's made of china, some declare;  
And some, of sugar-candy.  
Dear little heart! Should she confess  
She's sometimes rather lonely,  
This very pink of perfectness,  
Aunt Lucy's one-and-only.



# TIGER- TIGER.

By  
**RUDYARD  
KIPLING.**



WHEN Mowgli, as you know, left Mother Wolf's cave after the fight with the Pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the plowed lands where the villagers lived; but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a new country. The valley opened out into a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up by ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing-grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing; and when the little boys in charge of the herds saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away, and the yellow pariah dogs that hang about every Indian village barked at him. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry; and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thornbush that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

"Umph!" he said, for he had come across more than one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. "So men are afraid of the People of the Jungle here also." He sat

down by the gate; and when a man came out he stood

up, and opened his mouth to show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at Mowgli.

"They have no manners, these men folk," said Mowgli to himself. "Only the Gray Ape would behave as they do."

So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowd.

"What is there to be afraid of?" said the priest. "Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is only a wolf-child run away from the jungle."

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there were white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call them bites, for he knew what real biting meant.

"*Arré! arré!*" said two or three women together. "To be bitten by wolves, poor child!

He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. By my honor, Messua, he is not unlike thy boy that was taken by the tiger."

"Let me look," said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles; and she stared at Mowgli under the palm of her hand. "Indeed, he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy."

The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest villager in the place. So he looked up at the sky for a minute, and said solemnly: "What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into thy house, my sister, and forget not to honor the priest who sees so far into the lives of men."

"By the bull that bought me," said Mowgli to himself, "all this talking is like another looking-over by the Pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become."

The crowd parted as the woman beckoned Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain-chest with quaint raised patterns on it, half a dozen cooking-pots, an image of a Hindu god in a little alcove, and on the wall a real looking-glass such as they sell at the country fairs for eight cents.

She gave him a long draught of milk (this was new to Mowgli, but it tasted good), and some bread, and then she laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes; for she thought perhaps that he might be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said, "Nathoo, O Nathoo!" Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. "Dost thou not remember the day when I gave thee thy new shoes?"

She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as horn.

"No," she said, sorrowfully; "those feet have never worn shoes, but thou art very like Nathoo, and thou shalt be my son."

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before; but as he looked at the thatch, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings.

"What is the good of a man," he said to himself at last, "if he does not understand

man's talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must learn their talk."

It was not for fun that he had learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt of the little wild pig. So, as soon as Messua said a word, Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learned the name of nearly everything in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli was not going to sleep under anything that looked so like a panther-trap as that hut, and when they shut the door he went through the window. "Give him his will," said Messua's husband. "Remember he can never till now have slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son, he will not run away."

So Mowgli slept in some long clean grass at the edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose poked him under the chin.

"Phew!" said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf's cubs). "This is a poor reward for following thee twenty miles. Thou smelllest of wood-smoke and cattle—altogether like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news."

"Are all well in the jungle?" said Mowgli, hugging him.

"All except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now listen. Shere Khan has gone away, to hunt far off till his coat grows again, for he is badly singed. When he returns he swears that he will lay thy bones in the Waingunga River."

"There are two words to that. I also have made a little promise. But to hear news is always good. I am tired to-night,—very tired with new things, Gray Brother,—but bring me the news always."

"Thou wilt not forget that thou art a wolf? Men will not make thee forget?" asked Gray Brother, anxiously.

"Never. I will remember that I love thee and all in our cave; but also I will always remember that I have been cast out of the Pack."

"And that thou mayst be cast out of an-

other. Men are only men, Little Brother, and their talk is like the talk of frogs in a pond. When I come down here again, I will wait for thee in the bamboos at the edge of the grazing-ground."

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate; he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First he had to wear a cloth round him, which annoyed him horribly; and then he had to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about plowing, which he did not see the use of. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when the children made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge that it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and tearing them in two.

He did not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle he knew he was weak as compared with the beasts, but in the village people said that he was as strong as a bull. He certainly had no notion of what fear was, for when the village priest told him that the god in the temple would be angry with him if he ate the priests' mangoes, he picked up the image, brought it over to the priest's house, and asked the priest to make the god angry and he would be happy to fight him. It was a horrible scandal, but the priest hushed it up, and Messua's husband paid nearly seventy cents in silver to comfort the god.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that caste makes between man and man. When the potter's donkey slipped in the clay-pit, Mowgli hauled it out by the tail, and helped to stack the pots for their journey to the market at Khanhiwara. That was very shocking, for the potter is a low-caste man, and his donkey is worse. When the priest scolded him, Mowgli threatened to put him on the donkey, too; and the priest told Messua's husband that Mowgli had better be set to work as soon as possible; and the village head-man told Mowgli that he would have to go out with the

buffaloes next day, and herd them while they grazed.

No one was more pleased than Mowgli; and that night, because he had been appointed a servant of the village, as it were, he went off to a circle that met every evening on a platform of masonry under a great fig-tree. It was the village club, and the head-man and the watchman and the barber (who knew all the gossip of the village), and old Buldeo, the village hunter, who had an old army musket, met and smoked. The monkeys sat and talked in the upper branches, and there was a hole under the platform where a cobra lived, and he had his little platter of milk every night because he was sacred; and the old men sat around the tree and talked, and pulled at the big *hugas* (the water-pipes) till far into the night. They told wonderful tales of gods and men and ghosts; and Buldeo told even more wonderful ones of the ways of beasts in the jungle, till the eyes of the children sitting outside the circle hung out of their heads. Most of the tales were about animals, for the jungle was always at their door. The deer and the wild pig grubbed up their crops, and now and again the tiger carried off a man at twilight, within sight of the village gates, as he came back from plowing.

Mowgli, who knew something about the ways of the jungle people, had to cover his face with his hair not to show that he was laughing. But Buldeo, the musket across his knees, climbed on from one wonderful story to another, and Mowgli's shoulders shook.

Buldeo was explaining how the tiger that had carried away Messua's son was a ghost tiger, and his body was inhabited by the ghost of a wicked, old money-lender, who had died some years ago. "And I know that this is true," he said, "because Purun Dasrs always limped from the blow that he got in a riot when his account-books were burned, and the tiger that I speak of *he* limps, too, for the tracks of his feet are unequal."

"True, true!—that must be the truth!" said all the graybeards together.

"Are all these tales such cobwebs and moon-talk?" said Mowgli, suddenly. "That tiger limps because he was born lame, as every one

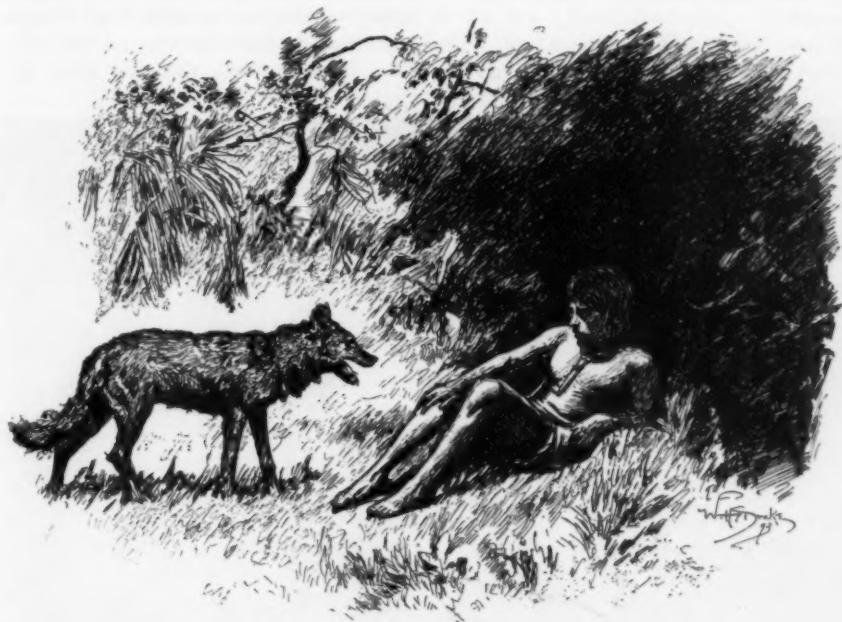


knows. To talk of the soul of a money-lender in a beast that never had the courage of a jackal is child's talk!"

Buldeo was speechless with surprise for a moment, and the head-man stared.

"Oho! It is the jungle-brat, is it?" said Buldeo. "If thou art so wise, better bring

graze in the early morning, and bring them back at night, and the cattle that would trample a white man to death submit to be banded, and bullied, and shouted at by children who hardly come up to their noses. So long as the boys keep with the herds they are absolutely safe, for not even the tiger will charge a mob



"WAKE, LITTLE BROTHER; I BRING NEWS!" (SEE PAGE 293.)

his hide to Khanhiwara, for the Government has set a hundred rupees (\$30) on his life. Better still, be quiet when thy elders speak."

Mowgli got up to go. "All the evening I have lain here listening," he called back, over his shoulder, "and, except once or twice, Buldeo has not said one word of truth concerning the jungle, which is at his very doors. How then shall I believe the tales of ghosts, and gods, and goblins which ye think ye have seen?"

"It is full time that boy went to herding," said the head-man of the village, while Buldeo puffed and snorted at Mowgli's insolence; for as a rule native children are much more respectful to their elders than white children.

The custom of most Indian villages is for a few boys to take the cattle and buffaloes out to

of cattle. But if they straggle, to pick flowers or hunt lizards, they may be carried off.

Mowgli went through the village street next dawn sitting on the back of Rama, the great herd bull, and the slaty-blue buffaloes, with their long, backward-sweeping horns and savage eyes, rose out of their byres, one by one, and followed him. Mowgli made it very clear to his companions that he was the master. He banded the buffaloes with a long, polished bamboo, and told the boys to graze the cattle by themselves while he went on with the buffaloes, and to be very careful not to stray away from the herd.

An Indian grazing-ground is all rocks, and scrub, and tussocks, and little ravines, among which the herds scatter and disappear. The buffaloes generally keep to the pools and muddy

places, where they lie wallowing or basking in the warm mud for hours. Mowgli drove them on to the edge of the plain where the Waingunga River came out of the jungle; then he dropped from Rama's neck, trotted off to a bamboo clump and found Gray Brother. "Ah," said Gray Brother, "I have waited here very many days. What is the meaning of this cattle-herding work?"

"It is an order," said Mowgli; "I am a village herd now. What news of Shere Khan?"

the ravine by the *dhák*-tree in the center of the plain. We need not walk into Shere Khan's mouth."

Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him. Herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world. The cattle move and crunch, crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low. They only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything. You can see them lie down in the



"ARE ALL THESE TALES SUCH COBWEBS AND MOONTALK?" SAID MOWGLI.

"He has come back to these hills, and has waited here a long time for thee. Now he has gone off again, for the game is scarce. But he surely means to kill thee."

"Very good," said Mowgli. "So long as he is away do thou or one of the four sit on that rock, where I can see thee as I come out of the village. When he comes back, wait for me in

muddy pools one after another, and work their way in the mud till only their noses and staring china-blue eyes show above the surface, and there they lie like logs. The sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and you hear one kite (never any more) whistling, almost out of sight overhead, and you know that if you died, or a cow died, that kite would come down like

a bullet, and the next kite miles away would see him drop and follow, and the next, and the next, and almost before you were dead there would be a score of them come out of nowhere. Then you sleep and wake and sleep again, and weave little baskets out of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them; or catch two praying-mantises and make them fight; or string a necklace of red and black jungle-nuts; or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the wallows. Then you sing endless songs with odd native quavers at the end of them, and the day seems longer than most people's whole lives; and perhaps you make a mud castle with mud figures of men and horses and buffaloes, and put reeds into the men's hands, and play that you are a king and they are your armies, or that they are gods and you ought to worship them. Then evening comes and you call, and the buffaloes lumber up out of the sticky mud with noises like gunshots going off one after the other, and you all string across the gray plain back to the twinkling village lights.

Day after day Mowgli would lead the buffaloes out in this way, and day after day he would see Gray Brother's back a mile and a half away across the plain (that told him Shere Khan had not come back), and day after day he would lie on the grass listening to the noises round him, and dreaming of old days in the jungle. If Shere Khan had made a false step with his lame paw up in the jungles by the Waingunga, Mowgli would have heard him in those long dead-still mornings.

At last the day came when he did not see Gray Brother at the signal place, and he laughed and headed the buffaloes for the ravine by the *dhák*-tree which was all covered with golden-red flowers. There sat Gray Brother with every bristle on his back lifted.

"He has given two months to throw thee off thy guard. He crossed the ranges last night with Tabaqui, hot-foot on thy trail," said the wolf.

Mowgli frowned. "I am not afraid of Shere Khan, but Tabaqui is very cunning," he said.

"Have no fear," Gray Brother answered, licking his lips a little. "I met Tabaqui in the dawn. Now he is telling all his wisdom to the kites, but he told *me* everything before I

broke his back. Shere Khan's plan is to wait for thee at the village gate this evening—for thee and for no one else. He is lying up now, in the big ravine of the Waingunga."

"Has he eaten to-day, or does he hunt empty?" said Mowgli, for the answer meant just life or death to him.

"He killed at dawn,—a pig,—and he has drunk too. Remember, Shere Khan could never fast even for the sake of revenge."

"Oh! Fool, fool! What a cub's cub it is! Eaten and drunk too, has he, and he thinks that I shall wait till he has slept! Now, where does he lie up? If there were but ten of us we might pull him down as he snores. These buffaloes will not charge unless they wind him, and I cannot speak their language. Can we get behind his track that they may smell it?"

"He swam far down the Waingunga to cut that off," said Gray Brother.

"Tabaqui told him that, I know. He would never have thought of it, alone." Mowgli stood with his finger in his mouth, thinking. "The big ravine of the Waingunga. That opens out on the plain not half a mile from here. I can take the herd round through the jungle to the head of the ravine and then sweep down, but he would slink out at the foot. We must block that end. Gray Brother, canst thou cut the herd in two for me?"

"Not I alone—but I have brought a wise helper." Gray Brother trotted off and dropped into a hole. Then there popped up a huge gray head that Mowgli knew well, and the hot air was filled with the most desolate cry of all the jungle—the hunting-howl of a wolf at midday.

"Akela! Akela!" said Mowgli, clapping his hands. "I might have known that thou wouldst not forget. Cut them in two, Akela. Keep the cows and calves together, and the bulls and the plow-buffaloes by themselves."

The two wolves ran in and out of the herd, which snorted and threw up its head, and separated into two clumps. In one the cow buffaloes stood and glared and pawed with the calves in the center, ready if a wolf would only stay still to charge down and trample the life out of him. In the other the bulls and the young bulls snorted and stamped,

but though they looked more angry they were much less dangerous than the cows, for they had no calves to protect. No six men could have divided the herd so neatly.

"What orders?" panted Akela. "They are trying to join again."

Mowgli slipped on to Rama's back. "Drive the bulls away to the left, Akela. Gray Brother, when we are gone hold the cows together, and drive them into the foot of the ravine."

"How far?" said Gray Brother, panting and snapping.

"Till the sides are higher than Shere Khan can jump," shouted Mowgli. "Hold them there till we come down." The bulls swept off as Akela bayed, and Gray Brother stopped in front of the cows. They charged down on him, and he ran just before them to the foot of the ravine, as Akela drove the bulls far away to the left.

"Well done! Another charge and they are fairly in. Careful, now—careful, Akela! A snap too much, and the bulls will charge. *Huyah!* This is wilder work than driving black-buck. Didst thou think these creatures could move so swiftly?" said Mowgli.

"I have—have hunted these too in my time," gasped Akela in the dust. "Shall I turn them into the jungle?"

"Ay! Turn. Swiftly, turn them. Rama is mad with rage. Oh, if I could only tell him what I need of him to-day!"

The bulls were turned to the right this time, and crashed into the standing thicket. The other herd-children, watching with the cattle half a mile away, hurried to the village as fast as their legs could carry them, crying that the buffaloes had gone mad and run away. But Mowgli's plan was simple enough. All he wanted to do was to make a big circle up hill and get at the head of the ravine, and then take the bulls down it and catch Shere Khan between the bulls and the cows; for he knew that after a meal and a full drink Shere Khan would not be in any condition to fight or to clamber up the sides of the ravine. He began to soothe the buffaloes now by voice, and Akela dropped far to the rear, only whimpering once or twice to hurry the stragglers. It was a long, long circle, for they did not wish to

get too near the ravine and give Shere Khan warning. At last Mowgli rounded up the bewildered herd at the head of the ravine on a grassy patch that sloped steeply down to the ravine itself. From that height you could see across the tops of the trees down to the plain below; but what Mowgli looked at was the sides of the ravine, and he saw with a great deal of satisfaction that they were nearly straight up and down, and the vines and creepers that hung over them would give no foothold to a tiger who tried to get out.

"Let them breathe, Akela," he said, holding up his hand. "They have not winded him yet. Let them breathe. I must tell Shere Khan that I come."

He put his hands to his mouth and shouted down the ravine,—it was almost like shouting down a tunnel,—and the echoes jumped from rock to rock.

After a long time there came back the drawling, sleepy snarl of a full-fed tiger just awakened.

"Who calls?" said Shere Khan, while a splendid peacock fluttered up out of the ravine screeching.

"I, Mowgli. Cattle thief, it is time to come to the Council Rock! Down—hurry them down, Akela. Down, Rama, down!"

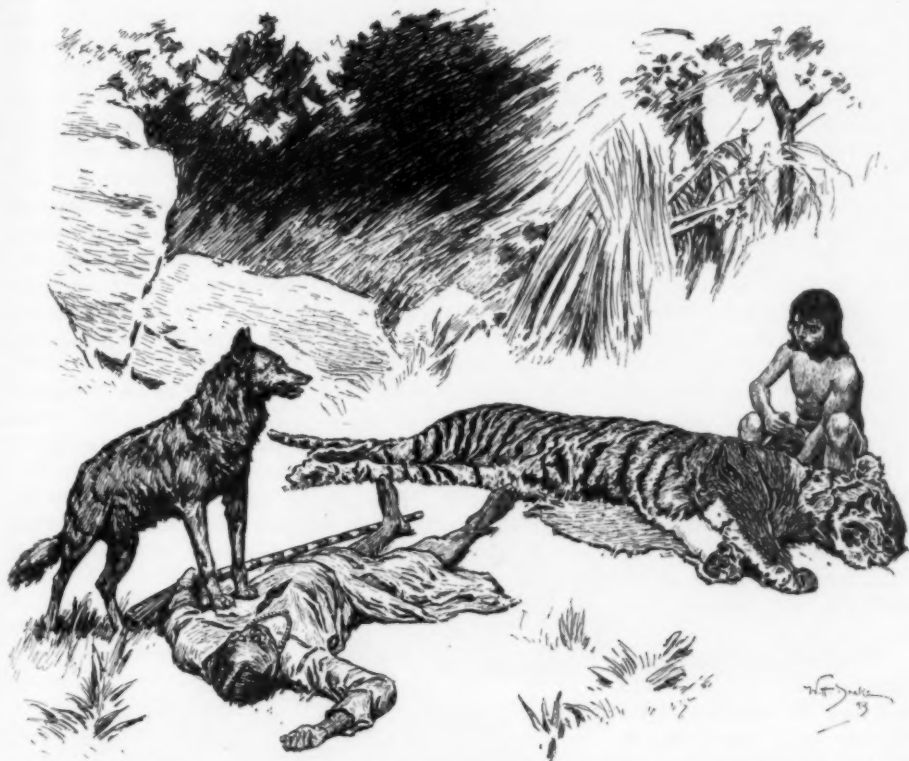
The herd paused for an instant at the edge of the slope, but Akela gave tongue in the full wolf's hunting-yell, and the buffaloes pitched over one after the other just as steamers shoot rapids, the sand and stones spurting up round them. Once started, there was no chance of stopping, and before they were fairly in the bed of the ravine Rama had winded Shere Khan and bellowed.

"Ha! Ha!" said Mowgli, on his back. "Now thou knowest!" and the torrent of black horns, foaming muzzles, and staring eyes tore down the ravine just as boulders go down in flood time; the weaker buffaloes being shouldered out to the sides of the ravine where they tore through the creepers. They knew what the business was before them—the terrible charge of the buffalo-herd against which no tiger can hope to stand. Shere Khan heard the thunder of their feet, picked himself up, and lumbered down the ravine, looking from side to side for some way of escape, but the

walls of the ravine were straight and he had to keep on, heavy with his dinner and his drink, willing to do anything rather than fight. The herd splashed through the pool he had just left, bellowing till the ravine rang. Mowgli heard an answering bellow from the foot of the ravine, saw Shere Khan turn (the lame tiger knew if the worst came to the worst it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves) and

them, or they will be fighting one another. Drive them away, Akela. *Hai, Rama! Hai, Hai! Hai!* my children! Softly now, softly! It is all over."

Akela and Gray Brother ran to and fro nipping the buffaloes' legs, and though the herd wheeled once to charge up the ravine again, Mowgli managed to turn Rama, and the others followed him to the wallows.



"BALDEO LAY STILL, EXPECTING EVERY MINUTE TO SEE MOWGLI TURN INTO A TIGER, TOO." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

then Rama tripped, stumbled, and went on again over something soft, and, with the bulls at his heels, crashed full into the other herd, while the weaker buffaloes were whirled clean off their feet. That charge carried both herds out into the plain, goring and stamping and snorting. Mowgli watched his time, and slipped off Rama's neck, laying about him right and left with his stick.

"Quick, Akela! Break them up. Scatter

Shere Khan needed no more trampling. He was dead, his lame paw doubled up under him, and the kites were coming for him already.

"Brothers, that was a dog's death," said Mowgli, feeling for the knife that he carried in a sheath round his neck. "But he would never have shown fight. His hide will look well on the Council Rock. We must get to work swiftly."

A boy trained among men would never have



dreamed of skinning a ten-foot tiger alone, but Mowgli knew better than any one else how an animal's skin is fitted on, and how it can be taken off. But it was hard work at the best, and Mowgli slashed, and tore, and grunted for an hour, while the wolves lolled out their tongues, or came forward and tugged as he ordered them. Presently a hand fell on his shoulder, and looking up he saw Buldeo with the army musket. The children had told the village about the buffalo stampede, and Buldeo went out only too anxious to correct Mowgli for not taking better care of the herd. The wolves had dropped out of sight as soon as they saw the hunter.

"What is this folly?" said Buldeo, angrily. "To think that thou canst skin a tiger! Where did thy buffaloes kill him? It is the *Lame Tiger*, too, and there is a hundred rupees on his head! Well, well, we will overlook thy letting the herd run off, and perhaps I will give thee one of the rupees of the reward when I have taken the skin to *Khanhiwara*." He fumbled in his waist-cloth for flint and steel, and stooped down to singe *Shere Khan's* whiskers. Most native hunters singe a tiger's whiskers to prevent his ghost from haunting them.

"Hum!" said Mowgli, half to himself, as he ripped back the skin of a forepaw. "So thou wilt take the hide to *Khanhiwara* for the reward, and perhaps give me one rupee? Now it is my mind that I need the skin for my own use. Heh! old man, take away that fire!"

"What talk is this to the chief hunter of the village? Thy luck and the stupidity of thy buffaloes have helped thee to this kill. The tiger has just fed, or he would have gone twenty miles by this time. Thou canst not even skin him properly, little beggar brat, and forsooth I, Buldeo, must be told not to singe his whiskers! Mowgli, I will not give thee one anna of the reward, but only a very big beating. Leave the carcass."

"By the bull that bought me," said Mowgli, who was try-

ing to get at the shoulder, "must I stay babbling to an old ape all noon? Here, Akela, this man plagues me."

Buldeo, who was still stooping over *Shere Khan's* head, found himself sprawling on the grass, with a gray wolf standing over him, while Mowgli went on skinning as though he were alone in all India.

"Ye-es," he said between his teeth. "Thou art right, Buldeo. Thou wilt never give me one anna of the reward. There is an old war between this *Lame Tiger* and myself—a very old war, and—I have won."

To do Buldeo justice, if he had been ten years younger he would have taken his chance with Akela had he met the wolf in the woods, but a wolf who obeyed the orders of a boy who had private wars with man-eating tigers was not a common animal. It was sorcery, magic of the worst kind, thought Buldeo, and he wondered whether the amulet round his neck would protect him. He lay as still as still, expecting every minute to see Mowgli turn into a tiger, too.

"Maharaj! Great King!" he said at last in a husky whisper.

"Yes," said Mowgli, without turning his head, but chuckling a little.

"I am an old man. I did not know that thou wast anything more than a herd-boy. May I rise up and go away, or will thy servant tear me to pieces?"



"WHEN THE MOON ROSE OVER THE PLAIN THE VILLAGERS SAW MOWGLI TROTGING ACROSS, WITH TWO WOLVES AT HIS HEELS." (SEE PAGE 302.)



"Go, and peace go with thee. Only, another time do not meddle with my game. Let him go, Akela."

Buldeo hobbled away to the village as fast as he could, looking back over his shoulder in case Mowgli should change into something with four legs. When he got to the village he told a tale of magic, and enchantment, and sorcery that made the priest look very grave.

Mowgli went on with his work, but it was nearly twilight before he finished.

"Now we must hide the skin and take the buffaloes home! Help me to herd them, Akela."

The herd rounded up in the smoky twilight, and when they were near the village Mowgli saw lights, and heard the conches and bells in the temple blowing and banging. Half the village seemed to be waiting for him at the gate. "That is because I have killed Shere Khan," he said to himself; but a shower of stones whistled about his ears, and the villagers shouted: "Sorcerer! Wolf's brat! Jungle-demon! Go away! Get hence quickly, or the priest will turn thee into a wolf again. Shoot, Buldeo, shoot!"

The old musket went off and a young buffalo bellowed with pain.

"More sorcery!" shouted the villagers. "He can turn bullets. Buldeo, that was *thy* buffalo!"

"Now what is this?" said Mowgli, bewildered, as more stones flew.

"They are not unlike the Pack, these brothers of thine," said Akela, sitting down with a grunt. "It is in my head that, if bul-

lets mean anything, they would cast thee out."

"Wolf! Wolf's cub! Go away!" shouted the priest, waving a sprig of the sacred *tulsi* plant.

"Again? Last time it was because I was a



"THEY CLAMBERED UP THE COUNCIL ROCK TOGETHER, AND MOWGLI SPREAD THE SKIN OUT ON THE FLAT STONE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

man. This time it is because I am a wolf. Let us go, Akela," said Mowgli.

A woman—it was Messua—ran across to the herd, and cried, "Oh, my son, my son! They say thou art a sorcerer who can turn himself into a beast at will. I do not believe, but go away or they will kill thee. Buldeo says thou art a wizard, but I know thou hast avenged my Nathoo's death."

"Come back, Messua!" shouted the crowd. "Come back, or we will stone thee, too."

Mowgli laughed a little short ugly laugh, for

a stone had hit him in the mouth. "Run back, Messua. This is one of the foolish tales they tell under the big tree at dusk. I have at least paid for thy son's life. Farewell; and run quickly, for I shall send the herd in as swiftly as their brickbats come out. I am no wizard, Messua. Farewell!"

"Now, once more, Akela," he cried. "Bring the herd in."

The buffaloes were anxious enough to get to the village. They hardly needed Akela's yell, but charged through the gate like a whirlwind, scattering the crowd right and left.

"Keep count!" shouted Mowgli scornfully. "It may be that I have stolen one of them. Keep count, for I will do your herding no more. Fare you well, children of men, and thank Messua that I do not come in with my wolves and hunt you up and down your street."

He turned on his heel and walked away with the Lone Wolf; and as he looked up at the stars he felt happy. "No more sleeping in traps for me, Akela," he said. "Let us get Shere Khan's skin and go away. No; we will not hurt the village, for the woman Messua was kind to me."

When the moon rose over the plain, making it look all milky, the horrified villagers saw Mowgli, with two wolves at his heels and a bundle on his head, trotting across at the steady wolf's trot that eats up the long miles like fire. Then they banged the temple bells and blew the conches louder than ever; and Messua cried, and Buldeo embroidered the story of his adventures in the jungle, till he ended by saying that Akela stood up on his hind legs and walked like a man.

The moon was just going down when Mowgli and the two wolves came to the hill of the Council Rock, and they stopped at Mother Wolf's cave.

"They have cast me out from the Man Pack, Mother," shouted Mowgli, "but I come with the hide of Shere Khan to keep my word!" Mother Wolf walked stiffly from the cave with the cubs behind her, and her eyes glowed as she saw the skin.

"I told him on that day when he crammed

his head and shoulders into this cave, hunting for thy life, little frog—I told him that the hunter would be the hunted. It is well done," she said.

"Little brother, it is well done," said a deep voice in the thicket. "We were lonely in the jungle without thee," and Bagheera came running to Mowgli's bare feet. They clambered up the Council Rock together, and Mowgli spread the skin out on the flat stone where Akela used to sit, and pegged it down with four slivers of bamboo, and Akela lay down upon it, and cried the old call to the Council. "Look, look well, O Wolves," exactly as he had cried it when Mowgli was first brought there.

Ever since Akela had been deposed, the pack had been without a leader, hunting and fighting at their own pleasure. But they answered the call through habit, and some of them were lame from the traps they had fallen into, and some limped from shot-wounds, and some were mangy from eating bad food, and many were missing; but they came to the Council Rock, as many as were left of them, and they saw Shere Khan's striped hide on the rock, and the huge claws dangling at the end of the empty dangling feet.

"Look well, O Wolves. Have I kept my word?" said Mowgli; and the wolves bayed Yes, and one tattered wolf cried:

"Lead us again, O Akela. Lead us again, O man cub, for we be sick of this lawlessness, and we would be the Free People once more."

"Nay," purred Bagheera, "that may not be. When ye are full fed, the madness may come upon you again. Not for nothing are ye called the Free People. Ye fought for freedom, and it is yours. Eat it now, O Wolves."

"Man Pack and Wolf Pack have cast me out," said Mowgli. "I will hunt alone in the jungle henceforward."

"And we will hunt with thee," said the four cubs.

So Mowgli went away and hunted with the four cubs in the jungle from that day on. Still he was not always alone, because years afterward he became a man and took service and married.

But that is a story for grown-ups.



## A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

"OH, dearie me!" one morning sighed our merry little Lou,  
"I have n't got a single thing—a single thing to do!  
I wish a fairy-godmother would come and talk with me,  
And let me wish three wishes; I wonder what they 'd be?"

"Well, first,—now let me think a while,—I 'd wish for bags of gold;

A hundred million dollars I guess I 'd make them hold.

And then I 'd wish for golden hair, and beautiful blue eyes,

And a real grown-up lover to praise me to the skies;

I 'd wish—oh, yes! to be a queen, and he should be the king,

With courtiers, and trumpeters, and all that sort of thing.

We 'd ride on milk-white palfreys all dressed in gold and green,

And the people everywhere would shout, 'Long live our gracious Queen!'

Oh, would n't it be lovely?" sighed foolish little Lou;

"I wish the fairy-godmother was here, and it was true."

Just then her own real mother called: "Oh, Lulu, child, come here!

I wish you 'd rock the baby a little while, my dear.

He 's dropping off to sleep, you see,—he 'll soon be quiet now.

And then I wish you 'd shell the peas, while Bridget milks the cow.

She says she 's 'clane bewildered' to know which way to turn,

For Sandy 's in the mowing-field, and Nora 's got to churn:

I wish you 'd set the table, and see what you can do

To help us with the little things—that 's mother's daughter Lou!"

Up jumped the little maiden, with a twinkle in her eyes,

And a merry notion in her head both whimsical and wise:

"My mother wished three wishes! Now I shall have the fun

Of being fairy-godmother, and granting every one."

As cheery as a cricket she went about all day,

And out of every little task she made a sort of play,

Until her happy laughter, and the tuneful song she sung

Had sweetened Bridget's temper, and stopped her fretting tongue.

The baby, too, she humored in many a baby whim;

He cried for her at bed-time to go up-stairs with him;

And her mother kissed her fondly when she found her nodding there,

With his chubby fingers tangled in his sister's curly hair.

"You 've been my comfort-daughter this livelong day," she said;

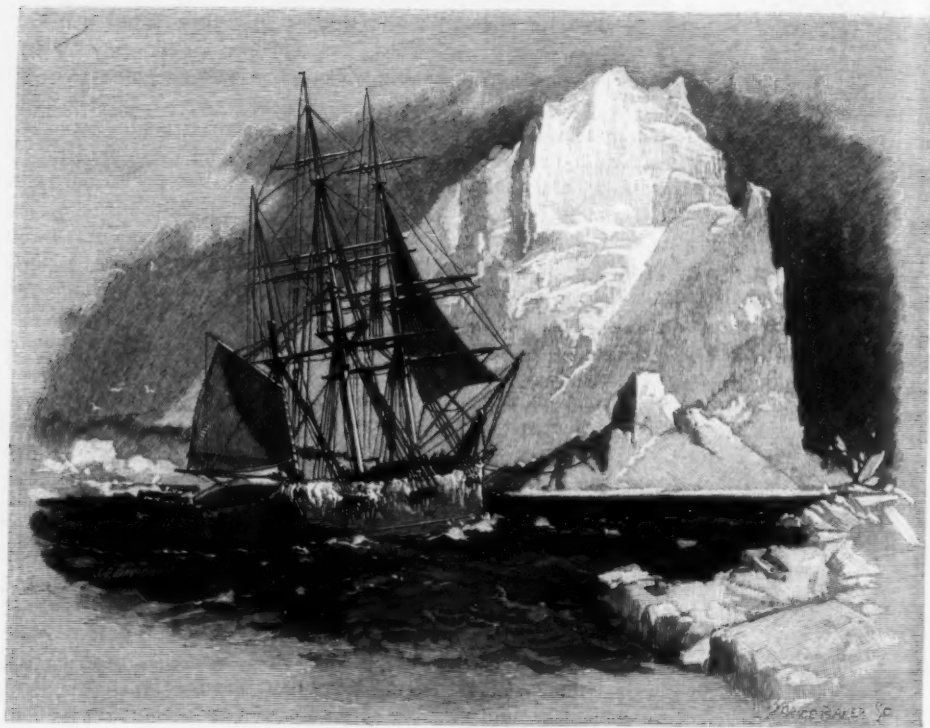
But Lulu hardly understood—the little sleepy-head!

"It was such fun," she murmured, in a dreamy, drowsy way,

"To be a fairy-godmother! I 've had a lovely day."

## TOWED BY AN ICEBERG.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



WHEN the captain of the Norwegian bark "Wave King" sailed for the port of New York, he expected as a matter of course to meet some icebergs on the way. He also expected to engage a tug-boat to tow him into the harbor if he found the weather at Sandy Hook boisterous or the wind too strong against him to sail in alone; but as for having a present of tow in the middle of the Atlantic, and free of charge, that was a piece of good fortune of which he never dreamed in his most economical moment. Yet, improbable as it seems, was the very treat he unexpectedly received.

Everything went very well with the bark until half through her voyage, when one day the mate (who was an arctic weather-prophet) reported that ice-fields and icebergs were near.

He knew it, he said, because of the light loom along the ocean's rim; also from the look and coldness of the sea-water. A bright lookout was therefore kept, and sure enough, about noon a great ice-field, or "floe" became visible in the haze, dead ahead. There it lay right in their track, and extending as far on each side as their best telescope was able to make it out.

For several miles on both sides the bark now

sailed back and forth, the lookouts searching for an opening in the beautiful, trembling, glistening white fields; but none could be found, although the fair blue water lay temptingly beyond, in full sight.

Presently the captain noticed that the ice-field under the pressure of the fresh breeze was advancing toward them, and he gave orders to "bout ship."

As the vessel went about, a large iceberg was noticed right astern in the light haze, and, strange to relate, it also appeared to be coming toward them. At first this caused the sailors much uneasiness, for they feared to be caught between it and the field of ice, which would, of course, mean the destruction of the bark and death to all on board.

A little careful steering, however, placed them safely to one side of the berg, and the men gathered along the ship's side to watch the monster as it went majestically by, the waves dashing high against its weather side as if in vain endeavor to hold it back, while the wind blew little drifts of snow from its glistening, craggy top.

All icebergs float with a much larger proportion of their mass beneath the waves than above them, and the captain knew that some strong lower-current was pushing against the under-water portion of this berg, and urging it along against the winds and surface currents. He wondered what would result when the berg and ice-field met. Which would gain the mastery? Why, the heavy berg, of course.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind,

which he instantly began to put in execution by ordering the steersman to turn the bark and run her right in behind the berg.

Going as close as he dared to the great ice-mountain, he ordered the crew to lower a boat and take a rope and hitch on to it. This they did, making fast to a low pinnacle, or foot-hill. Then sail was shortened to flying-jib and spanker, just enough to keep her steady and take some strain off the rope; and lo! the ship was towing kindly in the wake of the berg, while all hands awaited developments.

They had not long to wait. Steadily and surely the ice-mountain bore down on the ice-field. There came a great crash, and a little shiver of the berg that could be felt on the tow-line. Then followed a mighty upheaval of the edge of the floe as the berg plowed into and tossed the sparkling masses of ice in air, or shoved them masterfully aside.

With bang, and smash, and roar, the mighty contest went on. But the berg proceeded serenely, leaving a broad swath behind in which the bark rode safely until clear water was once more reached.

Then, as quickly as possible, the rope was cast off, all sail set, and a respectful distance put between the bark and berg, for the captain feared lest some portion of his icy tow-boat might fall upon them, or a part, hidden far beneath the ocean's surface, might break off and come rushing upward in a cloud of spray, and, striking his vessel, do him the very damage from which he had so skilfully preserved her by taking a tow from the berg.

## A VALENTINE.

I 'LL build a house of lollypops  
Just suited, Sweetheart, to your taste;  
The windows shall be lemon-drops,  
The doors shall be of jujube paste—  
    Heigh-ho, if you 'll be mine!  
With peppermints I 'll pave the walks;  
A little garden, too, I 'll sow  
With seeds that send up sugared stalks  
On which the candied violets grow—  
    Heigh-ho, my Valentine!

Some seats of sassafras I 'll make  
Because I know you think it 's nice;  
The cushions shall be jelly-cake  
Laced all around with lemon-ice—  
    Heigh-ho, if you 'll be mine!  
We 'll have a party every day,  
And feast on cream and honeydew;  
And though you 're only six, we 'll play  
That I am just as young as you—  
    Heigh-ho, my Valentine!

*Anna M. Pratt.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

### III. GAMES AND SPORTS.

THE Indian boy was a prince of the wilderness. He had but very little work to do during the period of his boyhood. His principal occupation was the practising of a few simple but rigid rules in the arts of warfare and the chase. Aside from this, he was master of his time.

Whatever was required of us boys was quickly performed; then the field was clear for our games and plays. There was always keen competition between us. We felt very much as our fathers did in hunting and war—each one strove to excel all the others. It is true that our savage life was a precarious one, and full of dreadful catastrophes; however, this never prevented us from enjoying our sports to the fullest extent. As we left our tepees in the morning, we were never sure that our scalps would not dangle from a pole in the afternoon! It was an uncertain life, to be sure. Yet we observed that the fawns skipped and played happily while the gray wolves might be peeping forth from behind the hills, ready to tear them limb from limb.

Our sports were molded by the life and customs of our people—indeed, we practised only what we expected to do when grown. Our games were feats with the bow and arrow, foot and pony races, wrestling, swimming, and imitations of the customs and habits of our fathers. We had sham fights with mud balls and willow wands, we played lacrosse, made war upon bees, shot winter arrows (which were used only in that season), and coasted upon ribs of animals and buffalo-robos.

Our games with bow and arrow were usually combined with hunting; but as I shall take hunting for the subject of another letter, I will speak only of such as were purely plays.

No sooner did the boys get together than they divided into squads, and chose sides; then

a leading arrow was shot at random into the air. Before it fell to the ground, a volley from the bows of the participants followed. Each player was quick to see the direction and speed of the leading arrow, and he tried to send his own with the same speed and at an equal height, so that when it fell it would be closer than any of the others to the first.

It was considered out of place to shoot an arrow by first sighting the object aimed at. This was usually impracticable, because the object was almost always in motion, while the hunter himself was often on the back of a pony in full gallop. Therefore, it was the offhand shot that the Indian boy sought to master. There was another game with arrows which was characterized by gambling, and was generally confined to the men.

The races were an every-day occurrence. At noon the boys were usually gathered by some pleasant sheet of water, and as soon as the ponies were watered, they were allowed to graze for an hour or two, while the boys stripped for their noonday sports. A boy might say, "I can't run, but I challenge you for fifty paces," to some other whom he considered his equal. A former hero, when beaten, would often explain his defeat by saying, "I had drunk too much water!" Boys of all ages were paired for a "spin," and the little red men cheered on their favorites with spirit! As soon as this was ended, the pony races followed. All the speedy ponies were picked out, and riders chosen. If a boy said, "I cannot ride," what a shout went up! Such derision!

Last of all came the swimming. A little urchin would hang to his pony's long tail, while the latter held only his head above water and glided sportively along. Finally the animals were driven into a fine field of grass, and we turned our attention to other games.

Lacrosse was an older game, and was con-



fined entirely to the Sisseton and Santee Sioux. Shinny, such as is enjoyed by white boys on ice, is now played by the western Sioux. The "moccasin-game," although sometimes played by the boys, was intended mainly for adults.

The "mud-and-willow" fight was rather a severe and dangerous sport. A lump of soft clay was stuck on one end of a limber and springy willow wand, to be thrown with considerable force—as boys throw apples from sticks. When there were fifty or a hundred on each side, the battle became warm; but anything to arouse the bravery of Indian boys seemed to them a good and wholesome sport.

Wrestling was largely indulged in by all of us. It may seem odd, but the wrestling was by a great number of boys at once—from ten to any number on a side. It was really a battle, but each one chose his own opponent. The rule was that if a boy sat down, he was let alone; but as long as he remained standing within the field he was open to an attack. No one struck with the hand, but all manner of tripping with legs and feet and hurting with the knees was allowed; altogether it was an exhausting pastime—fully equal to the American game of foot-ball. Only the boy who was an athlete could really enjoy it.

One of our most curious sports was a war upon the nests of wild bees. We imagined ourselves about to make an attack upon the Chipewas or some other tribal foe. We all painted and stole cautiously upon the nest; then, with a rush and a war-whoop, sprang upon the object of our attack and endeavored to destroy it. But it seemed that the bees were always on the alert, and never entirely surprised; for they always raised quite as many scalps as did their bold assailants! After the onslaught upon the bees was ended, we usually followed it by a pretended scalp-dance.

On the occasion of my first experience in this mode of warfare, there were two other little boys who also were novices. One of them, particularly, was too young to indulge in such an exploit. As it was the custom of the Indians, when they killed or wounded an enemy on the battle-field, to announce the act in a loud voice, we did the same. My friend Little Wound (as I will call him, for I do not remem-

ber his name), being quite small, was unable to reach the nest until it had been well trampled upon and broken, and the insects had made a counter charge with such vigor as to repulse and scatter our numbers in every direction. However, he evidently did not want to retreat without any honors; so he bravely jumped upon the nest and yelled:

"I, brave Little Wound, to-day kill the only fierce enemy!"

Scarcely was the last word uttered when he screamed as if stabbed to the heart. One of his older companions shouted:

"Dive into the water! Run! Dive into the water!" for there was a lake near by. This advice he obeyed.

When we had reassembled and were indulging in our mimic dance, Little Wound was not allowed to dance. He was considered not to be in existence—he had been "killed" by our enemies, the Bee tribe. Poor little fellow! His tear-stained face was sad and ashamed, as he sat on a fallen log and watched the dance. Although he might well have styled himself one of the noble dead who had died for their country, yet he was not unmindful that he had *screamed*, and that this weakness would be apt to recur to him many times in the future.

We had some quiet plays which we alternated with the more severe and warlike ones. Among them were throwing wands and snow-arrows. In the winter we coasted much. We had no "double-rippers" nor toboggans, but six or seven of the long ribs of a buffalo, fastened together at the larger end, answered all practical purposes. Sometimes a strip of bass-wood bark, four feet long and half a foot wide, was used with much skill. We stood on one end and held the other, using the inside of the bark for the outside, and thus coasted down long hills with remarkable speed.

Sometimes we played "Medicine Dance." This to us was almost what "playing church" is among white children. Our people seemed to think it an act of irreverence to imitate these dances, but we children thought otherwise; therefore we quite frequently enjoyed in secret one of these performances. We used to observe all the important ceremonies and customs attending it, and it required something of

an actor to reproduce the dramatic features of the dance. The real dances usually occupied a day and a night, and the program was long and varied, so that it was not easy to execute all the details perfectly; but the Indian children are born imitators.

I was often selected as choirmaster on these occasions, for I had happened to learn many of the medicine songs, and was quite an apt mimic. My grandmother, who was a noted medicine woman, on hearing of these sacrilegious acts (as she called them), warned me that if any of the medicine men should learn of my conduct, they would punish me terribly by shriveling my limbs with slow disease.

Occasionally we also played "white man." Our knowledge of the pale-face was limited, but we had learned that he brought goods whenever he came, and that our people exchanged furs for his merchandise. We also knew, somehow, that his complexion was white, that he wore short hair on his head and long hair on his face, and that he had coat, trousers, and hat, and did not patronize blankets in the daytime. This was the picture we had formed of the white man. So we painted two or three of our number with white clay, and put on them birchen hats, which we sewed up for the occasion, fastened a piece of fur to their chins for a beard, and altered their costume as much as lay within our power. The white of the birch-bark was made to answer for their white shirts. Their merchandise consisted of sand for sugar, wild beans for coffee, dried leaves for tea, pulverized earth for gunpowder, pebbles for bullets, and clear water for dangerous "fire-water." We traded for these goods with skins of squirrels, rabbits, and small birds.

When we played "hunting buffalo" we would send a few good runners off on the open prairie with meat and other edibles; then start a few of our swiftest runners to chase them

and capture the food. Once we were engaged in this sport when a real hunt by the men was going on near by; yet we did not realize that it was so close until, in the midst of our play, an immense buffalo appeared, coming at full speed directly toward us. Our mimic buffalo hunt turned into a very real "buffalo scare"! As it was near the edge of a forest, we soon disappeared among the leaves like a covey of young prairie-chickens, and some hid in the bushes while others took refuge in tall trees.

In the water we always had fun. When we had no ponies, we often had swimming-matches of our own, and we sometimes made rafts with which we crossed lakes and rivers. It was a common thing to "duck" a young or timid boy, or to carry him into deep water to struggle as best he might.

I remember a perilous ride with a companion on an unmanageable log, when we both were less than seven years old. The older boys had put us on this uncertain bark and pushed us out into the swift current of the river. I cannot speak for my comrade in distress, but I can say now that I would rather ride on a wild bronco any day than try to stay on and steady a short log in a river. I never knew how we managed to prevent a shipwreck on that voyage, and to reach the shore!

We had many curious wild pets. There were young foxes, bears, wolves, fawns, raccoons, buffalo calves, and birds of all kinds, tamed by various boys. My pets were different at different times, but I particularly remember one. I once had a grizzly cub for a pet, and so far as he and I were concerned our relations were charming and very close. But I hardly know whether he made more enemies for me or I for him. It was his custom to treat unmercifully every boy who injured me. He was despised for his conduct in my interest, and I was hated on account of his interference.

(To be continued.)



THE "SNOW-BIRD TIMES" ISSUES AN EXTRA.

## A SKATER'S STRATAGEM.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.



NOW bleak outside lay the landscape of a New England winter! — leafless trees and snow-covered earth beneath a dull gray sky. So pale the daylight was that all of it that found its way through the small window but dimly lighted the room in which Dorothy stood, turning her anxious gaze from the world without to the cozier scene within. The crackling logs in the wide fireplace glowed warmly, and by their light revealed the rude settle (where a bed had been made for an invalid), and brought into clear relief the lithe, erect form of the young man who was studying Dorothy's troubled face.

"It can be done," he urged, "and it is all she wants now. I fear me the little grandmother is — going."

Dorothy feared it also, but her fair face grew a shade paler when the thought was put into words. Her eyes sought the settle where the small, wasted figure lay — the thin, worm features and silvery hair telling of age, though the dark eyes were still very bright, and the hand that lay upon the coverlet was smaller and more delicate than Dorothy's own. A high-born dame was Grandmother Gage. All her sheltered, luxurious, early years had unfitted her for the trials that came later, and when, widowed and bereft of fortune, she followed her two sons to the new world, it was too late in life for her to take root in the rugged soil of a strange land.

She bore the changes and hardships uncomplainingly, but she had slowly drooped under them, and now while the snow lay white about the cabin she murmured of hawthorn blossoms,

and thought she heard the bell in the old church tower. Occasionally she asked for her sons; and it was this which had suggested to Reuben the plan he proposed, and over which his sister shook her head so doubtfully. Business had called their father to Providence — no slight journey in those times, when every traveler must needs provide his own conveyance — and thence he expected to ride across country to his brother's, on the Chicopee River, and so reach home by a circuitous route.

"But he might come to-night," said Dorothy.

"There were matters to discuss with our uncle, and he will be tired from his journey. He may delay for a day or more, and then —" Reuben paused. "The little grandmother will not be here," he was about to say, but looking in Dorothy's face he changed the sentence "Uncle Nathan will not come with him. My going will bring them both."

"If it were not for the danger —" and Dorothy hesitated. "The Indians have been troublesome of late. You know the word neighbor Blakewell brought us but yesterday. On the traveled road I would fear less for you, but —"

"But that is too far to travel on foot," interrupted Reuben, with the positiveness of his conviction that the time for action was short. "Striking directly across to the Ridge and pond cuts off five miles or more, and once on the ice, I can make good speed."

As he spoke, he threw over his shoulder a pair of skates, rude and primitive in construction, but evidently valued as no common possession. The invalid turned uneasily on her pillow, and listened expectantly.

"Do I hear them coming — Nathan, John? It is so long — almost dark."

The wistful gaze, the tremulous eagerness of the words dying into incoherence, decided Reuben, and silenced his sister's objections.

"If it must be —" said Dorothy.

"Take heart, little sister. A true daughter of New England will not yield over much to fear," urged Reuben. "I should be at Uncle's by mid-afternoon, and we might be well on our way back while the daylight lasts."

He was off as he spoke, and striding swiftly away down the snowy path that led from the door. But Dorothy, brave in any danger that she could share, felt less like a "true daughter of New England" than like a lonely, heart-sick girl as she watched Reuben out of sight, and peopled the distance beyond with enemies. Reuben, however, in the wisdom of his twenty years, thought neighbor Blakewell's warning the result of over-cautiousness—the natural forebodings of an old man who in earlier life had suffered much from Indian hostility.

"But the journey must needs be taken," he said aloud with the freedom of one used to solitude.

Solitary indeed his route was when he had left the road, and turned westward across the desolate country. The keen air stirred the blood of the young traveler, and quickened his pulse. After the weary night of watching and anxiety, it was a relief to have the power to act; and he pressed forward rapidly, though with eye and ear alert for every sight and sound. The region was but sparsely settled even along the highway, and in the course he had chosen all sign of human habitation was soon lost. His purpose was to cross the wooded hill known as the "Ridge" to a little lake or pond on the farther side,—Podunk Pond,—and therefrom flowed the Chicopee River, down which his skates would carry him swiftly and easily almost to his uncle's door.

For two or three hours he walked steadily on, meeting no obstacle, and making such progress that he began to congratulate himself on completing this most toilsome part of his journey even earlier than he had hoped. He had made the rough ascent of the Ridge, pausing for a moment on the highest point to look around him in every direction. For an instant he thought he saw a moving figure below him, but at the next glance it was gone; and, smiling at the thought of having been deceived by a shadow, he hastened his descent. The pond gleamed before him, a broad field of ice

smooth and firm enough to delight the heart of any skater, and his eyes brightened with satisfaction at his course.

"I wish Dorothy knew—"

But the wish was cut short. An arrow suddenly whizzed by his head, there was a fierce shout that made his heart stand still in terror, and the next moment he was surrounded by a band of savages who seemed to have sprung out of the earth. Flight was impossible, resistance worse than useless. He was seized, and his hands rudely tied behind him, though the significant flourish of a tomahawk over his head suggested that some of the party favored a more speedy method of disposing of him. All the peril of his situation, and the probable fate before him, rushed upon the young prisoner with overwhelming terror, mingled with torturing thoughts of the home he had left, his inability to carry the message, and the anguish his loss would cause. A vision of poor Dorothy watching in vain for his return, of his father bereft of the son who should have been the stay of his old age, almost maddened him.

Meanwhile his captors were coolly appropriating his few effects. They knew the use of his musket, but his skates were examined doubtfully, and passed about in evident perplexity. Their shape seemed to suggest foot-gear, and an old brave sat down and gravely attempted to adjust one of them to his foot. The effort was unsuccessful, and the curious scrutiny began again. Then a young warrior with a particularly hideous face mustered a few words of English, and questioned Reuben.

"White-face moccasin?"

"Ice—ice moccasin." Reuben nodded.

He repeated the words several times, trying to make them clearer by signs—not an easy task with his hands pinioned, and he was not sure that he was understood. But anything that drew their attention away from himself was at least a brief respite, and he occupied it in vainly trying to form some plan of escape.

It was apparent that the Indians respected the white man's knowledge, and these unknown implements were once more inspected deliberately. Reuben's gaze, wandering a little from the group before him, fell suddenly upon another point of interest, and he discovered



how it was that his foes had fallen upon him without any warning.

On the top of a hillock not far from the shore a fortification had been made, showing that the band had planned for savage work in that region, and meant to have a safe place of retreat after their murderous sallies.

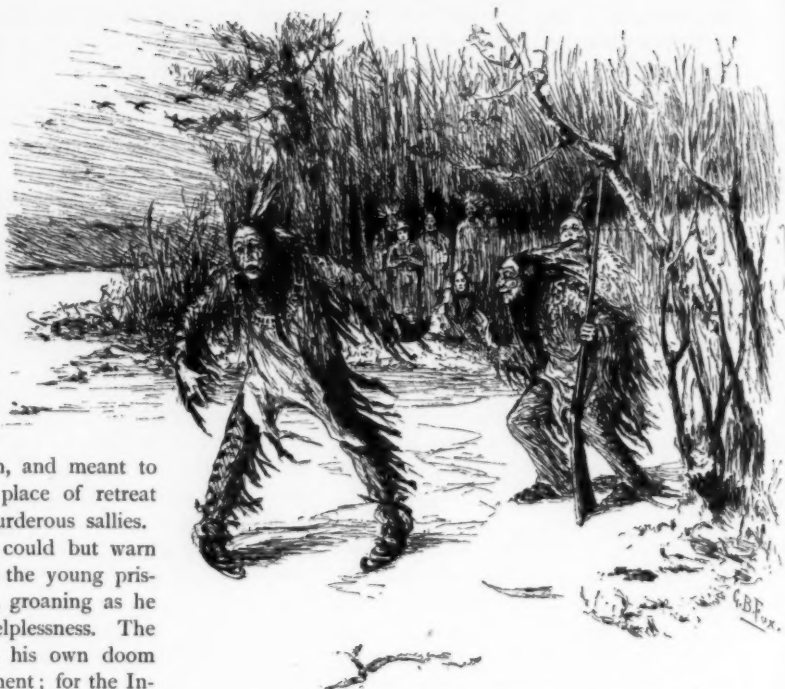
"Oh, if I could but warn the settlers!" the young prisoner thought, groaning as he realized his helplessness. The next moment his own doom seemed imminent; for the Indian who had previously questioned him approached a second time, and drawing a gleaming knife flashed it

around his captive's head, and made a feint of plunging it into



"HE SLID AWAY ON HIS BACK FOR A FEW YARDS."

his heart. Reuben's lips paled, for he was young, and life was sweet; but he was a true



"THE BRAVE GOT UPON HIS FEET AND ESSAYED A FIRST STEP."

scion of the brave Pilgrim stock, and he knew his enemy too well to utter plea or outcry. After a few feints and lunges, however, the fiendish pastime ended in a descent of the gleaming blade upon the thongs that bound Reuben's wrists, and they were severed with one quick stroke. Astonished at this release, the boy was speedily enlightened as to its meaning by having his skates thrust into his hand with the command to "show Injun how walk."

By many efforts at explanation, and by much pointing to the pond, it was at last understood that the strange shoes were for use on the ice, and the whole party, with Reuben carefully guarded in the middle, walked down to the brink of the little lake. There one Indian, who boasted that he "knew heap pale-face talk," insisted upon having the skates strapped upon his feet, and Reuben adjusted them. The brave surveyed them proudly, got upon his feet, essayed a first step, and then sat down again with a velocity and force that left him in no mood



for further experiments. In his rage he would have dashed the skates to pieces and have brained their unfortunate owner, but his companions interfered. His downfall furnished diversion for them, and another young warrior, possessed by a desire to show how much better he could manage matters, tried the "ice-moccasins" himself. By great caution he succeeded in getting fairly out upon the pond, but once there, at the first bold stride his feet flew from under him, and he slid away on his back for a few yards amid the derisive cheering of his comrades. His experience had a wonderful effect in restoring the equanimity of the first skater, and Reuben, with a wild hope springing up in his brain, ventured to propose that he show how to use the appliances.

The offer caused a moment's discussion. But if the older Indians offered objections, they were overborne by the younger ones, who were doubtless more curious and eager for sport, and the captive was escorted onto the ice, and allowed to put on his skates. Carefully he fastened every strap and buckle, his heart in a tumult of hope and fear. Away to the west were friends and freedom—the possibility of saving lives dearer than his own; but nearer were his watchful enemies with a significant flourish of weapons, and he moved cautiously. He skated very slowly to and fro within the guarding circle, managing gradually to widen it a little as he turned. He feigned to slip once or twice and lose control of his treacherous "moccasins" until he had been carried farther than he intended; and these misadventures were greeted with jeering delight. After a few minutes his slow progress and apparently uncertain footing made the Indians think that the white man's shoes were not of a kind that would enable him to run away, and they slightly relaxed their guard. Reuben had been watching for such a lapse, and with a sudden turn he struck out across the pond with all the speed that skill and desperation could give.

The Indians were taken by surprise; for one moment they stood stupefied, but the next a fierce shout arose, and they started in hot pursuit. The young skater was well in advance, however, and increased the distance with every second of time. He seemed fairly to fly over

the smooth ice, and though a shower of arrows fell around him, he was unhurt, and his pursuers were soon left far behind.

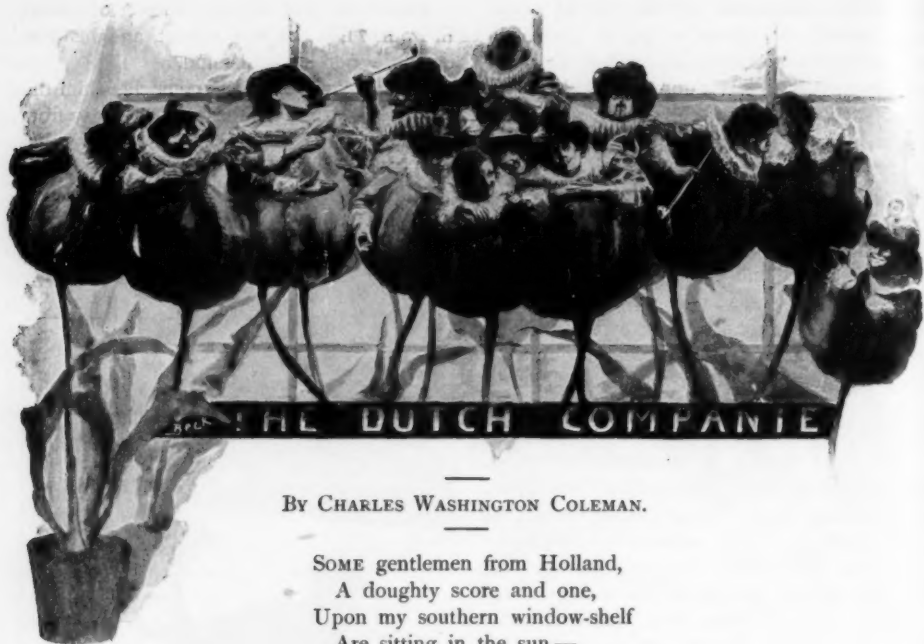
Not until utter weariness compelled him did he relax his speed, and he kept far away from the shore through the rest of his journey; but he reached his uncle's house in safety, and found his father there. Messengers were sent in every direction to warn the settlers of danger, and then Reuben, with his father and uncle, traveled on fleet horses homeward. The



"A SHOWER OF ARROWS FELL AROUND HIM."

"little grandmother" was still living, and her dark eyes brightened with joy at the sight of her sons again. Then, as if in content, the tired lids drooped and she was away to the country where there is no more homesickness.

Many a generation has vanished since then, but on the shores of the pond the old Indian fortification—grass-grown now, and looking like a great green bowl amid the surrounding country—is still known as Fort Hill; and to the children who dig up rude arrow-heads there is told the story of Reuben's escape.



BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

SOME gentlemen from Holland,  
A doughty score and one,  
Upon my southern window-shelf  
Are sitting in the sun —  
A finer lot of gentlemen  
I never looked upon.

There 's Mynheer Pottebakker,  
And there 's the Duc van Thol,  
And Jagt van Delft and Lac van Rhyn,  
And Burgher Tournesol,  
With breeches wide as petticoats  
And round as any bowl.

And there is many another  
Who bears an English name,  
Like those good Holland gentlemen  
Who with Dutch William came,  
And while they posed as English lords  
Were Dutchmen all the same.

These gentlemen from Holland,  
They have no word to say,  
But in a solemn silence sit  
In gorgeous fine array;  
Yet sure they are good company  
For that they look so gay.

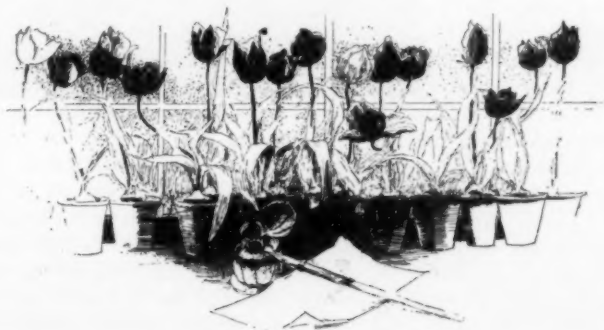
I never saw such breeches,  
E'en on our modern beaux;  
For each one of these gentlemen  
Doth wear his Sunday clothes  
Of crimson, yellow, white, and green,  
And violet, and rose.

I think they know a secret,  
These visitors of mine,  
They found out where the rainbow rests  
Above the earth to shine,  
And quickly snipped a great piece off,  
To make their breeches fine.

Some people call them tulips—  
Could these a secret hold?  
They know where lies, these gentlemen,  
The rainbow's pot of gold,  
Which one might find and grow quite rich,  
If but these tulips told!

I might, had I the secret,  
Wear finer clothes myself;  
But when they come to visit me  
I have no thought of pelf,  
Before these gracious gentlemen  
Upon my window-shelf.

And though they sit in silence,  
All in a gorgeous row,  
I 'm always glad to welcome them,  
And sorry when they go;  
A much more goodly company  
I ne'er expect to know.



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

At the beginning of the last century, when Queen Anne sat on the throne of Great Britain, there were ten British colonies strung along the Atlantic coast of North America. These colonies were various in origin and ill-disposed one to another. They were young, feeble, and jealous; their total population was less than four hundred thousand. In the colony of Massachusetts, and in the town of Boston, on January 17, 1706, was born Benjamin Franklin, who died in the State of Pennsylvania and in the city of Philadelphia on April 17, 1790. In the eighty-four years of his long life, Benjamin Franklin saw the ten colonies increase to thirteen; he saw them come together for defense against the common enemy; he saw them throw off their allegiance to the British crown; he saw them form themselves into these United States; he saw the population increase to nearly four millions; he saw the beginning of the movement across the Alleghanies which was to give us all the boundless West and all our possibilities of expansion. And in the bringing about of this growth, this union, this independence, this development, the share of Benjamin Franklin was greater than the share of any other man.

With Washington, Franklin divided the honor of being the American who had most fame abroad and most veneration at home. He was the only man (so one of his biographers reminds us) who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution under which we still live. But not only had he helped to make the nation—he had done more than any one else to form the individual. If the typical American is shrewd, industrious, and thrifty, it is due in great measure to the counsel and to the example of Benjamin Franklin. In "Poor Richard's Almanac" he summed up wisely, and he set

forth sharply, the rules of conduct on which Americans have trained themselves for now a century and a half. Upon his countrymen the influence of Franklin's preaching and of his practice was wide, deep, and abiding. He was the first great American,—for Washington was twenty-six years younger.

Benjamin was the youngest son of Josiah Franklin, who had come to America in 1682. His mother was a daughter of Peter Folger, one of the earliest colonists. His father was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler; and as a boy of ten Benjamin was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-molds, tending shop, and going on errands. He did not like the trade, and wanted to be a sailor. So his father used to take him to walk about Boston among the joiners, bricklayers, turners, and other mechanics, that the boy might discover his inclination for some trade on land. Franklin tells us that from a child he was fond of reading, and laid out on books all the little money that came into his hands. Among the books he read as a boy were the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Essays to do Good"; and this last gave him such a turn of thinking that it influenced his conduct through life and made him always "set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation."

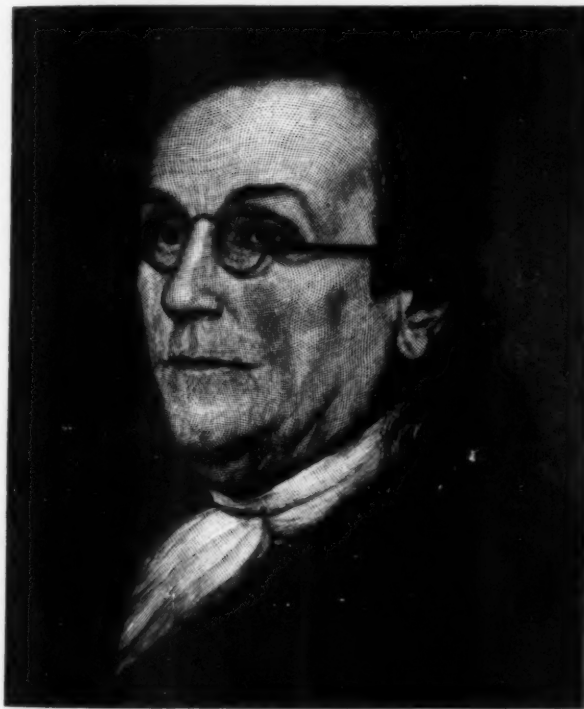
It was this bookish inclination which determined his father to make a printer of him, and at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to his brother James. There was then but one newspaper in America—the *Boston News-Letter*, issued once a week. A second journal, the *Boston Gazette*, was started in 1719. At first James Franklin was its printer, but when it passed into other hands he began a paper of his own—the *New England Courant*, more lively than the earlier journals, and more enterprising. As Benjamin set up the type for his brother's paper, it struck him that perhaps

he could write as well as some of the contributors. He was then a boy of sixteen, and already had he been training himself as a writer. He had studied Locke "On the Human Understanding," Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," and a volume of the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele. This last he chose as his model, mastering its methods, taking apart the essays to see how they were put together, and so finding out the secret of its simple style, its easy wit, its homely humor. His first efforts were put in at night under the door of the printing-house; they were approved and printed, and after a while he declared their authorship.

an aversion to arbitrary power which stuck to him through life. At length the boy could bear it no longer, and he left his brother's shop. James was able to prevent him from getting work elsewhere, so Benjamin slipped off on a sloop to New York. Failing of employment here, he went on to Philadelphia, being then seventeen. He arrived there with only a "Dutch dollar" in his pocket. Weary and hungry, he asked at a baker's for a three-penny-worth of bread, and, to his surprise, he received three great puffy rolls. He walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the third; and he passed the house of a Mr. Read,

whose daughter stood at the door, thinking the young stranger made a most awkward, ridiculous appearance, and little guessing that she was one day to be his wife.

Franklin worked at his trade in Philadelphia for nearly two years. In 1724 he crossed the ocean for the first time to buy type and a press, but was disappointed of a letter of credit Governor Keith had promised him. He found employment as a printer in London, and he came near starting a swimming-school there; but in 1726, after two years' absence, he returned to Philadelphia, and there he made his home for the rest of his life. He soon set up for himself as a printer, and, as he was more skilful than his rivals and more industrious, he prospered, getting the government printing and buying the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He married Deborah Read; and he made many friends, the closest of whom he formed into a club called the "Junto," devoted to



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

For a mild joke on the government James Franklin was forbidden to publish the *New England Courant*, so he canceled his brother's apprenticeship and made over the paper to Benjamin. But the indentures were secretly renewed, and the elder brother treated the younger with increasing harshness, giving him

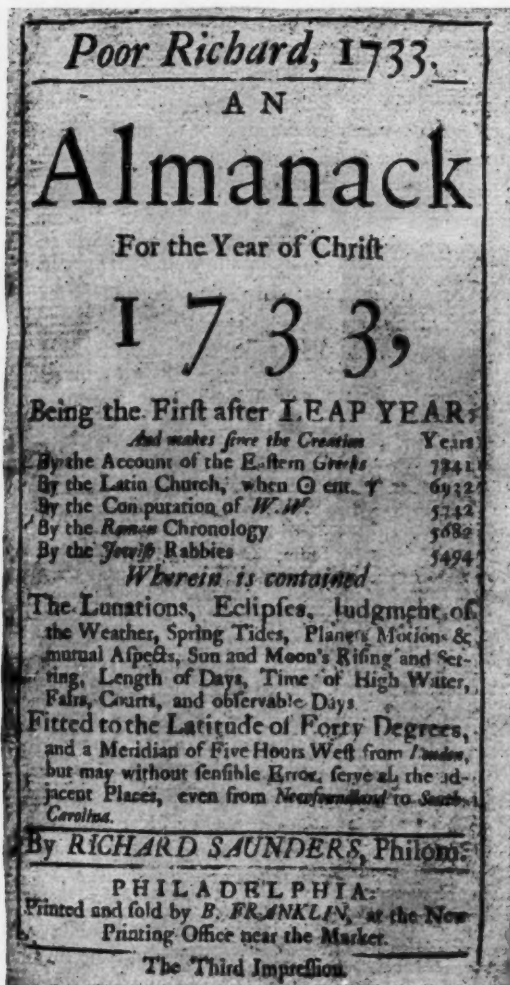
inquiry and debate. At his suggestion the members of this club kept their books in common at the club-room for a while; and out of this grew the first circulating library in America—the germ of the American public-library system. And in 1732 he issued the first number of "Poor Richard's Almanac,"

which continued to appear every year for a quarter of a century.

It was "Poor Richard's Almanac" which first made Franklin famous, and it was out of the mouth of Poor Richard that Franklin spoke

proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.'" By these pithy, pregnant sayings, carrying their moral home, fit to be pondered in the long winter evenings, Franklin taught Americans to be thrifty, to be forehanded, and to look for help only from themselves. The rest of the almanac was also interesting, especially the playful prefaces; for Franklin was the first of American humorists, and to this day he has not been surpassed in his own line. The best of the proverbs—not original, all of them, but all sent forth freshened and sharpened by Franklin's shrewd wit—he "assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction." Thus compacted, the scattered counsels sped up and down the Atlantic coast, being copied into all the newspapers. The wise "Speech of Father Abraham" also traveled across the ocean and was reprinted in England as a broadside to be stuck up in houses for daily guidance; it was twice translated into French—being probably the first essay by an American author which had a circulation outside the domains of our language. It has been issued since in German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Portuguese, Gaelic, and Greek. Without question it is what it has been called—"the most famous piece of literature the Colonies produced."

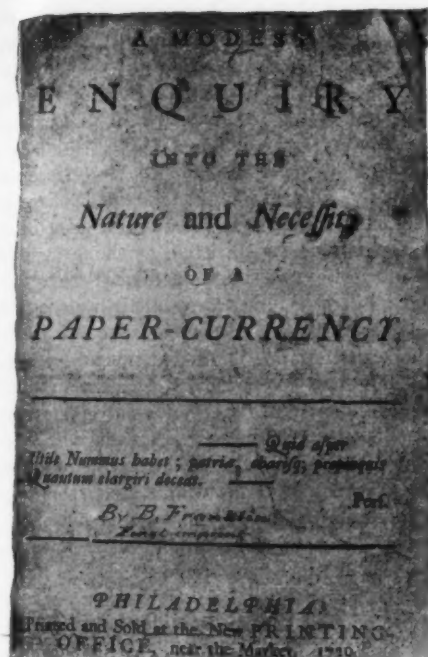
No man had ever preached a doctrine which more skillfully showed how to get the best for yourself; and no man ever showed himself more ready than Franklin to do things for others. He invented an open stove to give more heat with less wood, but he refused to take out a patent for it, glad of an opportunity to serve his neighbors; and this invention



TITLE-PAGE OF THE ONLY EXISTING COPY OF THE FIRST NUMBER OF "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC," NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

most effectively to his fellow-countrymen. He had noticed that the almanac was often the only book in many houses, and he therefore "filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with





TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST IMPRINT FROM THE FRANKLIN PRINTING-PRESS, PHILADELPHIA. ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

of Franklin's was the beginning of the great American stove trade of to-day. He founded the first fire company in Philadelphia, and so made a beginning for the present fire departments. He procured the reorganization of the night-watch and the payment of the watchmen, thus preparing for the regular police force now established. He started a Philosophical Society, and he took the lead in setting on foot an academy, which still survives as the University of Pennsylvania. While he was doing things for others, others did things for him, and he was made Clerk of the General Assembly in 1736, and Postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. In 1750 he was elected a member of the Assembly, and in 1753 he was made Postmaster-General for all the Colonies. In 1748 he had retired from business, having so fitted his practice to his preaching that he had gained a competency when only forty-two years old.

The leisure thus acquired he used in the study of electrical science, then in its infancy.

He soon mastered all that was known, and then he made new experiments with his wonted ingenuity. He was the first to declare the identity of electricity with lightning. Using a wet string, he flew a kite against a thunder-cloud, and drew a spark from a key at the end of the cord. The lightning-rod was his invention. Of his investigations and experiments he wrote reports that were printed in England and translated in France. The Royal Society voted him the Copley medal; the French king had the



TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST NUMBER OF "THE GENERAL MAGAZINE," THE FIRST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. PRINTED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

experiments repeated before him; and both Harvard and Yale made Franklin a Master of Arts.

But Franklin was not long allowed to live in philosophic retirement. When the French War broke out he was appointed one of the commissioners sent by Pennsylvania to a congress of the Colonies held at Albany. He wrote a pamphlet which aided the enlisting of troops; and by pledging his own credit he helped General Braddock to get the wagons needed for the unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne. He drew up a Plan of Union on which the Colonies might act together, and thus anticipated the Continental Congress of twenty years later. In 1757, when Pennsylvania could no longer bear the interference of the governor appointed by the proprietors, Franklin was sent to London as the representative of his fellow-citizens. It was more than thirty years since he had left England, a journeyman printer; and now he returned to it, a man of fifty, the foremost citizen of Philadelphia, the author of "Father Abraham's Speech," and the discoverer of many new facts about electricity.

He was gone nearly five years, successfully pleading the cause of Pennsylvania, and publishing a pamphlet which helped to prevent the restoration of Canada to the French. Then he came home, to be met by an escort of five hundred horsemen, and to be honored by a vote of thanks from the Assembly. But the dispute with the proprietors of the colony blazing forth again, Franklin was sent back to London once more to oppose the Stamp Act. He returned to England in 1764, at first as agent of Pennsylvania only, but in time as the representative of New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts also; and he remained for more than ten years, pleading the cause of the colonists against the king, and explaining to all who chose to listen the real state of feeling in America. He did what he could to get the first Stamp Act repealed. He gave a good account of himself when he was examined by a committee of the House of Commons. He wrote telling papers of all sorts: one a set of "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," and another purporting to advance the claim of the King of Prussia to levy taxes in Great Britain just

as the King of England asserted the right to lay taxes on the Americans. He lingered in London, doing all he could to avert the war which he felt to be inevitable. At last, in 1775, less than a month before the battle of Lexington, he sailed for home.

On the day after he landed he was chosen a member of the Second Continental Congress. He acted as Postmaster-General. He signed the Declaration of Independence, making answer to Harrison's appeal for unanimity: "Yes, we must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately." Then there appeared to be a hope that France might be induced to help us; and in September, 1776, Franklin was elected envoy. Being then seventy years old, he went to Europe for the fourth time. In France he received such a welcome as no other American has ever met with. He was known as an author, as a philosopher, as a statesman. The king and the queen, the court and the people, all were his friends. His portraits were everywhere, and his sayings were repeated by everybody. In the magnificence of the palace of Versailles, Franklin kept his dignified simplicity, and with his customary shrewdness he turned to the advantage of his country all the good-will shown to himself. After Burgoyne's surrender the French agreed to an open alliance with the United States, and Franklin, with his fellow-commissioners, signed the treaty in 1778.

During the war Franklin remained in France as American Minister, borrowing money, forwarding supplies, exchanging prisoners, and carrying on an immense business. As one of his biographers remarks, Franklin "stood in the relation of a navy department" to John Paul Jones when that hardy sailor was harassing the British coasts in the "Bonhomme Richard,"—as his vessel was named, after "Poor Richard." He bore the brunt of the countless difficulties which beset the American representatives in Europe. At last Cornwallis surrendered; and, with Adams and Jay, Franklin signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in September, 1783. The next year Jefferson came out, and in 1785 relieved Franklin, who was allowed to return to America, being then seventy-nine years of age.

His "Autobiography," which he had begun in 1771 in England, and had taken up again in France in 1783, he hoped to be able to finish now he was at home again and relieved from the responsibility of office. But he was at once elected a Councilor of Philadelphia, and although he would have liked the leisure he had hardly earned, he felt that he had no right to refuse this duty. Then was the "critical period of American history," and Franklin was kept busy writing to his friends in Europe encouraging and hopeful accounts of our affairs. When the constitutional convention met, Franklin was made a member "that, in the possible absence of General Washington, there might be some one whom all could agree in calling to the chair." After the final draft of the Constitution was prepared, Franklin made a speech pleading for harmony, and urging that the document be sent before the people with the unanimous approbation of the members of the convention. Then, while the last members were signing, he said that he had seen a sun painted on the back of the President's chair, and during the long debates when there seemed little hope of an agreement he had been in doubt whether it was taken at the moment of sunrise or sunset; "but," he said, "now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

He was now a very old man. He said himself: "I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep." His cheerfulness never failed him, and although he suffered much, he bore up bravely. "When I consider," he wrote in 1788, "how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well-off that I have only three incurable ones: the gout, the stone, and old age." He looked forward to death without fear, writing to a friend that, as he had seen "a good deal of this world," he felt "a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other." For a year or more before his death he was forced to keep his bed. When at last the end was near and a pain seized him in the chest, it was suggested that he change his position and so breathe more easily. "A dying man can do nothing easily," he answered; and these were his last

words. He died April 17, 1790, respected abroad and beloved at home.

In many ways Franklin was the most remarkable man who came to maturity while these United States were yet British colonies; and nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable about him than the fact that he was never "colonial" in his attitude. He stood before kings with no uneasy self-consciousness or self-assertion; and he faced a committee of the House of Commons with the calm strength of one



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S PRINTING-PRESS.

thrice-armed in a just cause. He never bragged or blustered; he never vaunted his country or himself. He was always firm and dignified, shrewd and good-humored. Humor, indeed, he had so abundantly that it was almost a failing; like Abraham Lincoln, another typical American, he never shrank from a jest. Like Lincoln, he knew the world well and accepted it for what it was, and made the best of it, expecting no more. But Franklin lacked the spirituality, the faith in the ideal, which was at the core of Lincoln's character. And here was Franklin's limitation: what lay outside of the bounds of common sense he did not see—probably he did not greatly care to see; but common sense he had in a most uncommon degree.

One of his chief characteristics was curiosity—in the wholesome meaning of that abused word. He never rested till he knew the why and the wherefore of all that aroused

As to the little History I promised you, my  
 Purpose still continues of completing it, and I hope  
 to do it this Summer, having built an Addition to my  
 House, in which I have plac'd my Library, & where  
 I can write without being disturb'd by the Noise of the  
 Children. But the General Assembly having lately  
 desired my Assistance in a great Convention to be held  
 here in May next, for Amending the Federal Consti-  
 tution I begin to doubt whether I can make any Progress  
 in it till that Business is over.

\* \* \* \* \*

My best Wishes attend  
 the whole Family whom I shall never cease to love  
 while I am

B Franklin

AUTOGRAF OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.  
 PORTION OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO MONSIEUR LE VEILLARD, APRIL 15, 1787, AND NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

his attention. As the range of his interests was extraordinarily wide, the range of his information came to be very extended also. He was thorough, too; he had no tolerance for superficiality; he went to the bottom of whatever he undertook to investigate. He had the true scientific spirit. He loved knowledge for its own sake, although he loved it best, no doubt, when it could be made immediately useful to

his fellow-men. In science, in politics, in literature, he was eminently practical; in whatever department of human endeavor he was engaged, he brought the same qualities to bear. For the medal which was presented to Franklin in France the great statesman Turgot composed the line:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis;

and it was true that the American faced the ministers of George III. with the same fearless eye that had gazed at the thunder-cloud.

There is an admirable series in course of publication containing the lives of American men of letters, and there is an equally admirable series containing the lives of American statesmen. In each of these collections there is a volume devoted to Benjamin Franklin; and if there were also a series of American scientific men, the story of Franklin's life would need to be told anew for that also. No other American could make good his claim to be included even in two of these three collections. As science advances, the work of the discoverers of the past, even though it be the foundation of a new departure, may sink more and more out of sight. As time goes on, and we prosper, the memory of our indebtedness to each of the statesmen who assured the stability of our institutions, may fade away. But the writer of a book which the people have taken to heart is safe in their remembrance; and, perhaps, to-day it is as the author of his "Autobiography" that Franklin is best known. If he were alive probably nothing would surprise him more than that he should be ranked as a man of letters, for he was not an author by profession. He was not moved to composition by desire of fortune or of fame; he wrote always to help a cause, to attain a purpose; and the cause having been won, the purpose having been achieved, he thought no more about what he had written. He had a perfect understanding of the people he meant to reach, and of the means whereby he could best reach them.

Most of these writings were mere journalism, to be forgotten when its day's work was done; but some of them had so much merit of their own that they have survived the temporary debate which called them into being. Wit is a great antiseptic, and it has kept sweet the "Whistle," the "Petition of the Left Hand," the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout," and the lively little essay on the "Ephemera." Wisdom is not so common even now that men can afford to forget "Father Abraham's

Speech," the "Necessary Hints to those that would be Rich," and "Digging for Hidden Treasure." Much of his fun is as fresh and as unforced now as it was a century and a half ago. Much of the counsel he gives so pleasantly, so gently, so shrewdly is as needful now as it was when "Poor Richard" sent forth his first almanac. He taught his fellow-countrymen to be masters of the frugal virtues. He taught them to attain to self-support that they might be capable of self-sacrifice. He taught them not to look to the government for help, but to stand ready always to help the government if need be. There are limits to his doctrine, no doubt; and there are things undreamt of in Franklin's philosophy. Yet, his philosophy was good so far as it went; in its own field to this day there is no better. Common sense cannot comprehend all things; but it led Franklin to try to help people to be happy in the belief that this was the best way to make them good.

It was by watching and by thinking that Franklin arrived at his wisdom; and it was not by chance that he was able to set forth his views so persuasively. Skill in letters is never a lucky accident. How rigorously he trained himself in composition he has told us in the "Autobiography"—how he pondered on his parts of speech and practised himself in all sorts of literary gymnastics. And of the success of this training there is no better proof than the "Autobiography" itself. It is a marvelous volume, holding its own to-day beside "Robinson Crusoe," as one of the books which are a perpetual delight to all classes and in all climes, to young and to old, to the scholar familiar with Franklin's achievements, and to the boy just able to spell out its simple sentences. Its charm is perennial, and it is a revelation of the man himself, transparent and direct; and so it is that while we enjoy the book we learn to like the author who tells thus honestly the story of his life. It is one of the best books of its kind in any language; and, as Longfellow declared, "autobiography is what biography ought to be." It abides as the chief monument of Benjamin Franklin's fame.

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## DUTY.

BY AMELIA BURR.

OUR blue-eyed daughter with locks of gold,  
Rosy and dimpled and eight years old,  
Went to Sunday-school one fine day,  
When grass was springing in balmy May.  
The questions swiftly went round the class,  
And soon came the turn of our little lass.  
"Your duty to neighbors?" the teacher said;  
Promptly replied our Golden-head,  
"I don't know that kind of duty, you see,  
But I know plain duty as well as can be."  
His hand on her curls the teacher laid;  
"Well, what is 'plain duty,' my little maid?"  
"Why, duty 's the thing"—with a moment's thought—  
"That you don't want to do, but you know you ought!"

## GOOD NEIGHBORS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

WE once had a family of giants for neighbors. Not museum giants, I mean *real* giants. I never asked just how big they were, but you can judge for yourself after I have told you about them.

Perhaps I would n't have taken the house if I had known that the giants lived so near by, for I did n't know much about such people then; but I did n't discover that their house was next ours until I had made the bargain with the agent. I had asked him all about everything I could think of—all about stationary wash-tubs, malaria, mosquitos, the milkman, the ice-man, the letter-man, and all the other kinds of men—but I never thought to ask about giants. No man, however prudent, can think of everything. But as I was shutting the front gate, after I had said I would take the house for a year, I saw a footprint in the road. The footprint that Robinson Crusoe saw surprised him, but even Crusoe did n't see such a footprint as this, for it was nearly as big as a boat.

"What 's that?" I asked the agent.

"What? Where?" he asked, as uneasily as if I had discovered water in the cellar, or a leak in the roof.

"That—there!" I answered, pointing to the footprint.

"Oh, *that*!" he answered. "That must be the footprint of Mr. Megalopod."

"It seems to cover considerable space," I suggested.

"Yes," he admitted. Even an agent could n't deny that. "He 's a giant. Did n't I mention that you would have a giant for a neighbor? I thought I spoke of it."

"No," I said; "you did n't speak of it. You said that it was a pleasant neighborhood. Perhaps that is what you had in mind."

"Possibly," he answered. "You have no objection to giants, have you?"

I paused a moment before I replied. It depended on the kind of giant. If it was one of the Blunderbore kind, even a foot-ball player

might have been forgiven a slight preference for ordinary-sized neighbors.

"Well," I said, at last, "I don't profess to be a 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb,' or 'Jack the Giant-killer.' What sort of a giant is Mr. Megalopod?"

"The very best!" the agent said. "We did think of asking more rent for this house, because of the entertainment children would find in seeing a giant or two every day. But we decided we would n't charge for it, after all. Mr. Megalopod is a thorough gentleman—and so are the rest of the family. Mrs. Megalopod and the children are charming in every way. You will be glad to know them, I'm sure. Good-day!"

The agent left me gazing at the footprint. He had other business in the town, and I had to take an early train for the city.

I thought that my wife and children would be uneasy about the giants, but I was greatly mistaken. They were eager to see the family, and could hardly wait to be properly moved. My son and daughter began to put on airs over their playfellows, and to promise their best friends that they might have the first chance to come out and see the giant family.

When we first moved, the Megalopods were absent from their house, and it was several days before they returned. They lived in the suburbs on purpose to avoid observation, and usually went about their journeys by night so as to attract as little attention as possible.

The first time I saw Mr. Megalopod was on a Monday morning. I don't know why it is, but I am more likely to be late on Monday morning than on any other day of the week, and I was late that morning. In fact, I should have missed my train for the city if it had not been for Mr. Megalopod.

My way to the station passed near to his enormous house. I walked just as fast as I could, and if I had been a few years younger I would have run. Just as I came opposite to the giant's gateway I took out my watch; I found I had just seven minutes in which to catch the train. Now, although the advertisement said our house was only three minutes' walk from the station, it did n't occur to me until afterward that the agent probably meant it was three minutes' walk for Mr. Megalopod.

It certainly was a good ten minutes' scramble for me. So, as I looked at my watch, I said aloud:

"Too late! I have lost the train. I would n't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"Excuse me!" I heard in a tremendous voice apparently coming from the clouds; "if you will allow me, I will put you on the train!"

Before I could say a word, I was picked up and raised some thirty or forty feet into the air, and held safely and comfortably in the giant's great hand. Then Mr. Megalopod started for the station.

"You are Mr. Megalopod, I presume," I said.

"What?" he said. "You see, I can't hear you. Here is a speaking-trumpet."

So saying, he took a great fireman's-trumpet from his vest-pocket, and offered it to me with his other hand. I repeated my remark through the trumpet, at the top of my lungs.

"Yes," he said. "You are our new neighbor, no doubt."

"I am," I shouted; "and I'm very glad to make your acquaintance."

"You're not afraid of me?" he asked with a smile.

"Not at all," I yelled back.

"That's pleasant," he said with much satisfaction. "The last people moved away because they were afraid I might step on their children. It's absurd, I never step on children. I would n't do such a thing!"

"Of course not!" I shouted.

"No. It would be an accident if I stepped on anything. You yourself might step on an ant or a beetle, you know. But I am very careful. Well, here you are at the station," and he put me gently on the platform. "I seldom go to the city, myself; and when I do I walk. Good-day."

"Good-by," I said; "and I'm much obliged to you for the little lift."

"Don't mention it," he said. "I like to be neighborly. Any time you're in a hurry, let me know."

"Thank you," I replied. "I'll do as much for you—in some other way. Good-by."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Megalopod, "but—could you give me back the trumpet? You

won't need it in the city, unless you are a fireman, of course."

"It was mere absence of mind," I called through the trumpet; and then I gave it back to him, and watched him take the two or three steps that brought him to the turn in the road.

"A big fellow, is n't he?" I said to the station agent.

"Yes," he said; "he's a fortune to the express company. Every time he has a pair of boots sent home, it takes nearly a freight car."

The arrival of the train ended our conversation.

I did n't see the Megalopods again for several days. My family did, and told me many interesting things about them. They seemed to be very pleasant neighbors. Their children met ours once or twice, while playing, and they became excellent friends.

Before long they came to call upon us. We used to sit on the lawn—on chairs, of course—Saturday afternoon and during the summer evenings. They came one Saturday. We received them cordially, but hardly knew how to ask them to sit down. They talked pleasantly about the neighborhood, and spoke especially of the beautiful view.

"You surprise me," I said. "It seems to me that we are too much shut in here by the trees."

"I forgot," said Mrs. Megalopod, laughing. "*We* can see over the trees."

"That is a great advantage," answered my wife, through Mrs. Megalopod's trumpet; for both giants were thoughtful enough to carry these aids to conversation.

"Oh, yes," replied the giantess; "size has advantages. But, on the other hand, it brings inconveniences. You can hardly imagine. Now, take such a thing as next Monday's washing, for instance. I have to do all our washing. Even if we could afford to pay a laundress, she would n't be able to manage our clothes, not to speak of our table-cloths and other larger pieces. Then, for a clothes-line, nothing will serve us but a ship's cable. Then, too, everything we have must be made to order. It is hard to get along with so large a family. Sometimes I'm tempted to let John go into a museum; but so far we have succeeded in keeping the museum manager from the door."

"What is your business?" I shouted to Mr. Megalopod.

"Suspension bridges," he replied. "It pays well whenever I can get work; but they don't build bridges every day in the week—I wish they would!" and he laughed till the windows rattled in the house near by.

"Careful, John," said Mrs. Megalopod, warningly. Then turning to my wife she remarked, "John forgets sometimes that his laughing is dangerous. He was in an office building one day—in the great lower story, one of the few buildings that has a door large enough to let him in. Some one told a funny story, and he began to laugh. It cost him several hundred dollars to repair the windows. So I have to remind him to be cautious when he hears a really good joke."

Here my son Harry asked me to lend him the trumpet for a minute.

"Mr. Megalopod," he called, "would you mind doing me a great favor?"

"Not at all—if it is large enough," Mr. Megalopod replied very politely.

"Then will you get my ball for me? It went up on the roof the other day, and it is in the gutter now."

"Quick! give me the trumpet," I said to Harry, as Mr. Megalopod rose. Then I shouted, "I beg you won't put yourself out for such a trifle—!" but he was out of hearing before I had finished.

He soon returned with the ball, and gave it to Harry.

"Lend me the trumpet, Papa," said Harry. "I'm much obliged to you," he shouted.

"Don't mention it," said the giant, seating himself. I forgot to mention that while we were deciding what to give them to sit upon—we had thought of their sitting upon the top of the piazza, but were afraid it would break down with them—Mr. Megalopod had opened out a sort of a walking-stick he carried, and made it into a very comfortable stool, while his wife had a similar portable chair. They were always thoughtful and considerate, as, indeed, I might have known from their speaking-trumpets. Do you suppose, if you were a giant, you would remember to carry a speaking-trumpet for the use of other people? It is such little traits as these

that endear giants to their friends. It is not hard to carry a speaking-trumpet in your vest-pocket, but it is the remembering to do so that shows the big-hearted giant.

Soon after they had made their call upon us, my wife told me one morning, while I was shaving, that we ought to return the call soon.

"Of course," I said, stropping my razor slowly and thoughtfully. "Of course. I mean to go very soon. Very soon. I had meant to go several days ago."

"Yes. I know," said my wife. "But when shall we go? To-morrow?"

"Well," I said, between strokes of the razor, "you see to-morrow—is—Saturday. And as—it is—," here I stopped the razor, "the only holiday I have during the week, I hardly like to give it up to make a call."

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but it is the only time we have when we can go together."

"Well, married men are not required to make calls," I said.

"I suppose I can leave our cards," she said.

"Yes," I answered, eagerly, "that will do perfectly well."

My wife did not seem pleased, but she said no more then, and I finished my shaving. I did not cut myself again.

So she left our cards.

The next time I met Mr. Megalopod was about two weeks later. He did not return my bow, and apparently did not see me. I went and pulled his shoe-string, to attract his attention. He was pruning the top of a great chestnut-tree that stood in his front yard.

He handed me the trumpet, but did not show in any other way that he had noticed my presence.

"Mr. Megalopod," I said, "is there any trouble at your house?"

"Oh, no," he answered, shortly.

"You did not return my bow," I said, in what I meant to be a tone of reproach; but it is very hard to put reproachful inflections into your voice when you are trying to shout loud enough to impress a giant.

"No," he said slowly; "I did not know that

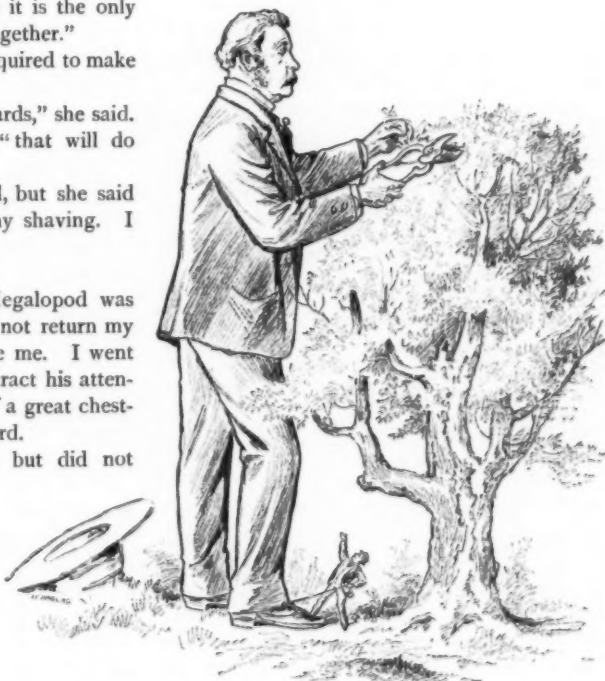
you cared to keep up our acquaintance. If you did not, I preferred not to force myself upon you."

"Why, you must be laboring under a mistake," I called back. "What have we done to offend you?" I was anxious to know, for I did not like to think of there being any unpleasantness between ourselves and the giants.

"I usually overlook trifles," said Mr. Megalopod; "but when you did not return our call, I thought you meant that you did not care to continue the acquaintance!"

"My dear sir," I said hastily, "my wife left cards."

"Oh, did she?" said the giant, pleasantly. "Then I suppose Mrs. Megalopod did not



"I PULLED HIS SHOE-STRING, TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION."

notice them. They were put into the card-tray, no doubt, and she must have failed to see them."

"No doubt that's it," I said. "They were

only the usual size. I hope you will believe that it was only an accident."

"Certainly," he said; "I had forgotten that you are not used to our ways. Our friends usually have cards written for them by sign-painters on sheets of bristol-board. We are so apt to lose the little cards."

"I see," I replied.

Shortly afterward my wife and I went to call on the Megalopods. I cannot pretend to describe all the curious things in their house. When we rang the bell,—the lower bell, for there was one for ordinary-sized people,—we nearly fell down the steps. There came the peal of an enormous gong as big as those you find in great terminal railroad stations. When the door opened, it seemed as if the side of a house had suddenly given way. The pattern on the hall carpet showed roses four or five feet wide, and the hat-stand was so high that we never saw it at all. We walked under a hall-chair, and thought its legs were pillars.

Just as we entered the reception-room we heard a terrible shout: "Oh, look out!" and a great worsted ball, some four feet in diameter, almost rolled over us. The Megalopod baby had thrown it to one of his brothers. It was a narrow escape. The brother picked up the baby to carry him away.

"Oh, don't take the sweet little thing—" my wife began; but she stopped there, for "the sweet little thing" was as large as two or three ordinary men.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the boy, "but we can't trust baby with visitors. He puts everything into his mouth, and—"

My wife cheerfully consented that the Megalopod baby should be taken to the nursery during our call.

Mrs. Megalopod offered us two tiny chairs. They were evidently part of the children's playthings. "If you would rather sit in one of our chairs," she suggested, "I shall be glad to assist you to one, but I would rather not. To tell the truth," she added, with some confusion, "one of our visitors once fell from a footstool, and broke his leg. Since then I have preferred they should take these."

We took the small chairs. As it was dusk, Mrs. Megalopod struck a match to light the

gas. It was a giant's parlor-match, and the noise and burst of flame was like an explosion. My wife clutched my arm in terror for a moment, while Mrs. Megalopod begged our pardon and blamed herself for her thoughtlessness.

We had a very pleasant call, and the good relations between the families were entirely restored. In fact, as we were leaving, Mrs. Megalopod promised to send my wife a cake made by herself. It came later, and was brought by the Megalopod boy. By cutting it into quarters, we got it through the front door without breaking off more than five or six lumps of a pound or two each. As it was a plum-cake, it kept well. I think there is nearly a barrelful of it left yet; but we reserve it for visitors, as we got tired of plum-cake after a year or so.

The Megalopods were always kind neighbors. Once they did us a great service.

There was a farmer who lived in the valley near us, and he owned a very cross bull. One day the bull broke his chain, and came charging up the road just as my little boy was on his way to school. I don't know what would have been the result if the Megalopod baby (then a well-grown child of about twenty-five feet) had not come toddling down the road. The bull was pursuing my boy, who was running for his life. The baby giant had on red stockings, and these attracted the bull's attention. He charged on the baby, and tried to toss his shoes. This amused the child considerably, and he laughed at the bull's antics as an ordinary baby might laugh at the snarling and bitings of a toothless puppy.

"I take oo home," he said, and picking up the angry bull, he toddled off down the road.

My boy came home much frightened, but almost as much amused. I learned afterward that Mr. Megalopod carried the bull back to the farmer and gave the man a severe talking to.

But we felt grateful, and so we decided to ask Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod to dinner. It meant a great deal, as you will see; but as we had just come into a large legacy from an estate that had been in litigation for many years, we took pleasure in showing our gratitude and our good-will toward the family. First we had a large and elegant teething-ring



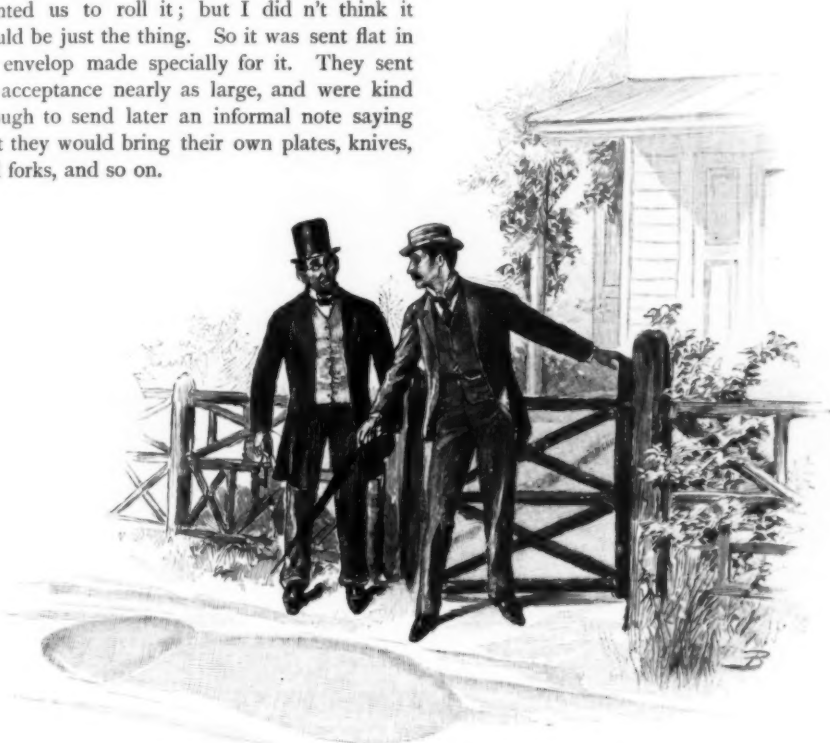
made to order for the baby. It was a foot through and several feet in diameter. The baby enjoyed it very much, and was somewhat consoled for the loss of the bull, which he had wished to keep as a pet.

I hired the sign-painter in a village not far away to write out the invitation for us upon the largest sheet of cardboard I could get in the city. It was ten feet by fifteen in size, and when inscribed looked truly hospitable. It read as usual—requesting the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod at dinner on the 20th. We had to send it by express. The expressman wanted us to roll it; but I did n't think it would be just the thing. So it was sent flat in an envelop made specially for it. They sent an acceptance nearly as large, and were kind enough to send later an informal note saying that they would bring their own plates, knives, and forks, and so on.

One of them explained to me that after all it made no great difference. "For," said he, "if they had stayed at home, they would have ordered the same things nearly, anyway." But it was different with the confectioner. I ordered forty gallons of ice-cream, two thousand macaroons, and eighty pounds of the best mixed candies.

"It's for a large picnic?" he suggested.

"The largest kind," I replied, for we were of course to dine in the open air. In order to provide against rain, I hired a second-hand



"THAT MUST BE THE FOOTPRINT OF MR. MEGALOPOD," SAID THE AGENT.

"How thoughtful of them!" said my wife, who had been somewhat puzzled about how to set the table.

I had told the butcher and other tradesmen about the dinner, and they were to furnish ample provision. I had expected that they would be delighted to get the large orders; but

circus-tent, and had it set up in our front yard, where the table had already been constructed by a force of carpenters.

By stooping as they came in, and seating themselves near the center, our guests were not uncomfortable in the tent.

My wife and I had a smaller table and



WE CALL UPON THE MEGALOPDS.

chairs set upon the large table, and though we did not feel altogether comfortable sitting with our feet on the table-cloth, we did not quite see how to avoid it.

The first course was much enjoyed, except that Mr. Megalopod was so unlucky as to upset his soup (served in a silver-plated metal plate), and run the risk of drowning us. Mrs. Megalopod, however, was adroit enough to catch us up before the inundation overwhelmed us. The giant apologized profusely, and we insisted that it was of no consequence.

When we came to the turkeys (which Mrs. Megalopod said were dainty little birds), I was afraid Mr. Megalopod was not hungry, for he could not finish the two dozen; but he explained that he seldom ate birds, as he preferred oxen. In the next course I found that Mr. Megalopod was looking for the salt. I handed him the salt-cellar, but it was too small for him to hold.

"Have you any rock-salt?" he asked with frankness. "I can never taste the fine salt."

Luckily we had bought a large quantity of



THE BULL CHARGED ON THE BABY.

the coarsest salt for making ice-cream, and I had several boxes brought, and sent up from the ground on an elevator.

The waiter, frightened half out of his wits, set the boxes as close to the giant as he dared and tried hard not to run when moving away.

Strangely enough, the only thing that ran short was the water. It would n't run fast

about eight feet high) full of spring water. So that little difficulty was pleasantly arranged.

After the dinner was over, the giants went home, saying that they had never passed a pleasanter afternoon.

We were equally pleased, and my wife said that the most agreeable neighbors we had ever known were certainly Mr. and Mrs. Megalopod.



GOOD-BY TO THE MEGALOPODES.

enough to give the giant a full drink of water. He was very polite about it, but the rock-salt had made him thirsty. At last I sent down to the Megalopods' house, and hired the giant's boy to bring a pail (one of their pails—it was

"There is nothing small about them," I said, warmly, "and they certainly take wide views of everything."

"Yes," she agreed, "even with our simple little dinner they seemed immensely delighted."

# THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

## INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER acquires a fair general knowledge of the quadrupeds of the entire North American continent, from Lady Franklin Bay to the Isthmus of Panama, will assuredly have a good grasp on mammals in general of the whole western hemisphere. While South America has very many species all her own, a great many of her most noteworthy forms stray north of the isthmus, and will be caught in the net we are now setting. To accomplish this good purpose, we will consider Central America as being a part of North America.

from a moment's examination of its teeth and feet.

If this were intended as a scientific treatise, I would have to place the lowest forms of mammals at the head of the list, and work *downward* to the *highest*! But these papers propose to take up the most interesting of all God's creatures first. Therefore we will begin with the highest orders of the mammalia, and when you become a scientific student you can easily reverse the order, and begin with the microscopic forms of life, if you choose.

## THE ORDERS OF LIVING MAMMALS.

Name.	Pronunciation.	Meaning in plain English.	Examples.
BIMANA*	(Bi-ma'na)	Two-handed; erect.	Man.
QUADRUNANA	(Quad'ru-man-a)	Four-handed; not erect.	Apes, baboons, and monkeys.
CARNIVORA	(Car-niv'o-rah)	Flesh-eaters	Cats, dogs, bears, weasels, seals, sea-lions.
INSECTIVORA	(In-sect-iv'o-rah)	Insect-eaters	Moles and shrews.
CHIROPTERA	(Ki-rop'ter-ah)	Wing-handed	Bats and flying-foxes.
RODENTIA	(Ro-den'shia)	Gnawers	Hares, gophers, rats, squirrels.
UNGULATA	(Ung-gū-lā'ta)	Hoofed (chiefly)	Cattle, deer, hogs, sheep, tapirs, elephants.
CETACIA	(Sē-tā'sē-a)	Whale-like	Whales, porpoises, dolphins.
SIRENIA	(Si-rē'nē-a)	Sea-cows	Manatee and dugong.
EDENTATA	(E-den-tā'ta)	Toothless (partly)	Armadillos, sloths, and ant-eaters.
MARSUPIALIA	(Mar-sū-pi-ā'li-a)	Pouched	Opossums and kangaroos.
MONOTREMATA	(Mon-o-trem'a-ta)	Egg-laying	Platypus and spiny ant-eaters.

\* Strict scientific accuracy might properly demand of us that man and the monkeys be grouped together in one order, called PRIMATES, of which the sub-order Bimana includes man, and the sub-order Quadrumana would embrace the four-handed fellows. To simplify the subject for the benefit of young readers, we will here follow the classification which ranks Bimana and Quadrumana as Orders.

Before we set forth on our first hunt, however, we must note a few indispensable facts.

We have already learned the position of the *Class Mammalia* in the scale of classification of the animal kingdom, and now we must subdivide our class into its various smaller groups. I shall not trouble you much with classification, but it is really necessary that the following should be known and remembered:

The *Class Mammalia*, or Mammals, is divided into eleven great groups, called *Orders*,—and here let me urge young readers of these papers to memorize the names of these various orders, and to clearly understand the meaning of each title. It is worth something to be able to name the order to which a strange mammal belongs,

Any zoölogical Order is subject to division and subdivision into groups growing smaller and smaller until at last we reach a particular species, and even a single individual with a special history. It is necessary to know just what these subdivisions are, and the rank of each.

## THE SUBDIVISIONS OF AN ORDER.

### ILLUSTRATION: THE COYOTE, OR PRAIRIE WOLF.

Order . . . . . CARNIVORA (the flesh-eaters).

Sub-order . . . FISSIPEDIA (terrestrial flesh-eaters).

Family . . . . . CANIDÆ (the dogs).

Sub-family . . . None for this example.

Genus . . . . . *Canis* (dog).

Species . . . . . *latrans* (barking).

Sub-species . . . None for this example.

Names in full: *Canis latrans*, Say. Coyote, Prairie Wolf or Barking Wolf.

It is the habit of scientific writers who are writing for the benefit of one another, to add to the Latin name of an animal either the name or an abbreviation of the name of the person who first described and correctly named the animal in a printed book. In scientific writings this is necessary, because it often happens that several authors apply several names to a single animal. So in the Coyote example the scientific student will note the fact that the animal was first

described and correctly classified and named by a Philadelphia naturalist named Thomas Say, and a reference to one of his books will show that the description appears in "Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains," published in 1823, volume I, page 168.

When the name of a species begins with a capital letter, it is a quickly read sign that the species has been named after some person or place.



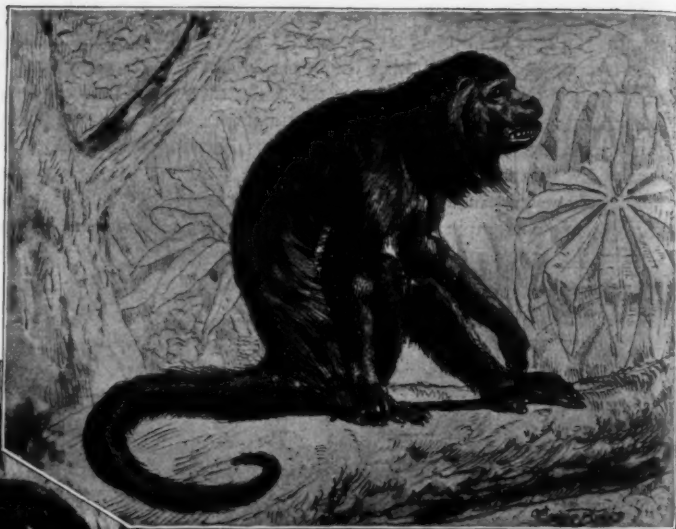
# The Monkeys of North America

WE are off to the Central American tropics, on a grand monkey-hunt. We don our very lightest summer clothing and our Panama hats, and besides our firearms, each hunter will need a good stout *machete* (bush-knife) with a keen edge, to cut his way through the leafy tangle of monkey-land. The home of the American monkey is one vast and all-pervading forest, which spreads its dense green mantle over sea-shore, plain, valley, and mountain. Here and there a narrow rent is left, grudgingly enough, by which the rivers may see a bit of sky; but to smaller streams even that poor privilege is denied by the overhanging and interlacing branches.

Our hunting-ground for North American monkeys begins in "the land of *mañana*" (to-morrow), in the Mexican State of San Luis Potosi, about latitude 23° north. It extends southeastward through the *tierra caliente*, or hot lands, of Vera Cruz to Oaxaca, and thence on



through the whole of Central America to the Isthmus of Panama. Throughout this vast region mountain-ranges and volcanoes are plentiful, and some of our monkeys will be found at elevations as high as eight thousand feet above the sea. Many times must our



THE SHAGGY HOWLER.



THE MANTLED HOWLER. (SEE PAGE 337.)

tion, and catch in our hands the fruit-pods they drop down, the leafy tangle of vines and branches will be so thick we shall be quite unable to see, or get a shot at, the dwellers in the tree-tops. I have spent hours in the dense, dark forests which are the home of the spider-monkey, peering upward in vain attempts to get sight of the monkeys that far above me were holding high carnival.

Now, a monkey is a small creature, and, for a professional sportsman, is ignominious game; but he who hunts monkeys

game be sought in forests so dense and lofty that even though we can hear their conversa- successfully in the tangled lowland forests, or on the forest-clad mountains so common in

Central America, is a hunter worthy of the name. It calls for good eyes, good legs, good lungs, and good shooting. For monkey-hunting in high forests, a small rifle is absolutely essential; but in moderately low jungle, a shotgun loaded with coarse shot is best. And now for a plunge into the jungle. We will hunt our North American monkeys in the order in which they should be classified—from the highest to the lowest. First, however, please note the following facts:

No apes, baboons, nor tailless monkeys are found in the New World.

No monkeys with prehensile tails are found in the Old World; and whenever an African or East Indian traveler tells you how he saw monkeys hang by their tails, tell him he 's another!

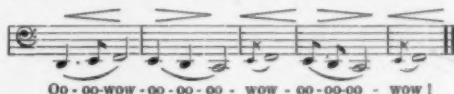
Not all American monkeys have prehensile tails, but this character is possessed by about one fourth of them.

Most American monkeys can be distinguished from Old World species by the wide space, or septum, between the nostrils.

#### THE HOWLING MONKEYS.

A FEW days after I first set foot in the land of the golden howler, there mingled in the dreams I was dreaming about four o'clock one morning, in the bottom of a dug-out canoe, a sound from the depths of the forest such as I had never before heard issue from throat of beast or man. It was a resounding, deep bass, a cross between a guttural roar and a song,

long-drawn and lazy in length, unearthly in depth, but not wholly unmusical; rising and falling in great waves of sound, rolling far and wide through the forest and across the great river in slowly measured cadence. Written musically (!) it would be this:



GEOFFROY'S SPIDER-MONKEYS. (SEE PAGE 338.)

It was a won't-go-home-till-morning concert, a regular song, in fact, of several voices, mostly *basso profundo*, and pitched away down in the cellar at that. The singers were clearly two miles distant from us, and I fully believe the



THE CAPUCHIN MONKEY.  
(SEE PAGE 338.)

sound could have been heard at least a mile farther away.

How such a depth of sound could come from throat of monkey was a puzzle to me until that evening I dissected one of the singers, and found between his extremely deep lower jaws, connecting with his larynx, a queer-shaped bony box nearly as large as a hen's egg. It was really an expansion of a portion of the hyoid bone, and formed a perfect sound-box for the howler. So far as I know he enjoys the distinction of being the sole owner of this wonderful patent.

On that never-to-be-forgotten day, we learned something else in the school of observation. In fact, I may say that we *experienced* the prehensile tail of the howling monkey. As we paddled along the shore in the early morning, we came upon a troop of thirteen howlers, sitting about in the open top of a big

tree, and, being out expressly for specimens, we opened fire and killed five of them. Two fell, but the three others wrapped their tails tightly around the branches, died, and still held on. And there they continued to hang by the involuntary tension of those tails until my friend Jackson pluckily climbed up sixty tiresome feet and kicked them loose, and sent them crash-



THE TEETER, OR SQUIRREL MONKEY, SHOWING CHARACTERISTIC MANNER OF HOLDING THE TAIL. (SEE PAGE 339.)

ing down: This was the golden howler of South America, a big, ugly, black-faced, red-haired fellow, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, and is the most typical form of the howlers.

THE MANTLED (so called because the hair on his flanks is so long it forms a sort of mantle), is either brown-black or quite black in color, though in different specimens there is much variation in the intensity of the black or brownish-black ground color, and the prevalence of the brown tint on the back and hips. This species is not found in Mexico, and is first met with in eastern Honduras. It is found in Nicaragua, on the shores and islands of Lake Nicaragua. Thence its range extends southward through Costa Rica, Veragua, and the Isthmus of Panama, below which it is replaced by the golden howler of the Orinoco region.

THE SHAGGY which, so far as known at present, is found only in eastern Guatemala, on the Atlantic side of the great watershed, is perfectly black, and his hair is so long and soft that the term *villosus*, meaning shaggy or woolly, has been applied to him by his discoverer as his "given name." In its native country this species lives around the Gulf of Dulce, along the rivers that flow into it, and northward into the State of La Paz, where it is most numerous in the dense, dark, and gloomy forests on the mountains of Chilasco, from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea. The natives call it "mono," which is the Spanish word for monkey.

The howling monkeys of all species have about the same habits. In disposition and intelligence they are rather dull and sluggish, and as pets they are not a success. They live in troops of from five to fifteen, generally in the tops of the tallest trees, or else in the most tangled and impenetrable portions of the lower forests. Several that I shot from my canoe on the Caño del Toro fell in places so choked with leafy vines and creepers that it was utterly impossible to find them. In the early morning,

especially after a rainy night, it is a common sight for a river voyager to see a band of howlers sitting placidly in the top of a tree, taking the sun. At such times they are easily approached, provided the jungle under-growth be not wholly impenetrable.

The flesh of the howler is eaten by the Indians of Central and South America, but on account of the strong and disagreeable body odor of the animal, I never cared to taste it, even when half starved.

#### THE SPIDER-MONKEYS.

Right well named are the short-bodied, black-skinned, and mostly black-haired sprawlers of the tree-tops, with their tremendously long and slender legs, hands, and tails. The tail is very strongly prehensile, and far more useful to its owner than a fifth leg would be. The spider-monkeys have been very unfortunate, for Dame Nature has given them no thumbs! Two species have pluckily tried to grow thumbs for themselves, but only the merest little thumblet has appeared to reward their efforts.

All things considered, they are the liveliest, brightest, and most interesting in their home life of all the monkeys of the New World. In captivity, whenever a number of monkeys of different species are kept in one large cage, in nearly every instance it will be noticed that the most active swingers and climbers are the spider-monkeys.

Four species of spider-monkeys are found in North America.

THE MEXICAN is the only monkey found as SPIDER-MONKEY far north as Mexico. Its (*Ateles vel le-ro-ans*) home extends from the State of San Luis Potosí, lat. 23° north, southeastward through Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, and Chiapa, into Guatemala, where it is found in great numbers on the sides of the volcano of Atitlán, as high as seven thousand feet. The color of this species is uniform black, varying to reddish-brown on the back, with gray under parts.

\* Naturalists who first describe and name a new animal always bestow upon it a Latin name for its genus, and another for its species, because Latin names are the only ones which pass current unchanged among the scientists of all nations. Every language bestows its own

common names upon animals, but the Latin names only are universal. In papers such as these the scientific names must be given in order that the student of zoölogy may know exactly which species we are describing and figuring.

GEOFFROY'S varies in color from deep red-dish-brown to light gray, or (At'e-les Geoff'roy-i) dirty white. It is found from southern Nicaragua through Costa Rica, Veragua, and Panama to South America. The Nicaragua Canal will be, when finished, very nearly the northern boundary of this species, which is most abundant in Costa Rica.

THE BLACK-FACED is black all over, body as SPIDER-MONKEY well as face, and, like his (At'e-les d'her) friend the RED-BELLIED SPIDER-MONKEY,\* who is also black all over excepting his red under parts, is not found north of Panama. Their proper home is in South America, from Peru northward.

The habits of the spider-monkeys are very interesting. The baby spider-monkey, like the infant howler, clings fast to its mother's body until old enough to travel alone, and keep up with the band on its marches through the tree-tops. The spider-monkeys are very much given to hanging by the tail and fore legs, with the hind legs swinging freely and most comically in the air. If it is true, as has often been stated in print, that spider-monkeys have been known to cross small tropical rivers by constructing a living suspension-bridge of themselves, then that is one of the most wonderful feats of intelligence ever displayed by wild monkeys. But I think the statement needs confirmation.

The howlers and the spider-monkeys live on fruits and leaves almost exclusively, and in the fruit season are plump-bodied, and even fat.

THE WHITE-THROATED CAPUCHIN, or SApajou† (a monkey named after a monk!), and his near relatives, are some of the poor little fellows who find the monkeys' purgatory on this earth. They are *les misérables* who go about with the organ-grinder, dance when the chain is jerked, and pass the tiny hat for the pennies. Poor little beggars! How much better for a monkey is the hunter's bullet in the leafy jungle than the deadly hand-organ on the hot pavement, and lifelong misery!

As a household pet, or a captive in a zoo, the Capuchin monkey is the prince of good fellows. He is of good, comfortable size,

neither too small nor too large, fair in proportions, active, intelligent, and docile, and decidedly affectionate. Many Old World monkeys are treacherous and dangerous brutes; but so far as his human friends are concerned, the Capuchin is nearly always to be trusted. He has a countenance like a pale, sad-looking old man heavily burdened with care.

Out of a large cageful of monkeys of various kinds that I once kept, the White-throated Sapajou was the only thoroughly satisfactory inmate. He was sincerely attached to me, and whenever I came near him would purse out his wrinkled lips and complain to me about his disagreeable neighbors at a great rate. When frightened, his shrill, rasping shrieks, and the expression of his mobile face, made a representation of terror so perfect that a tragic actor might well have copied it. When coaxing his keeper for food or attention, he would thrust out his lips until they formed a funny-looking little tube, and say in a plaintive tone, "Poo-oo-oo-oo!"

These graceful and interesting monkeys are found in eastern Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and northern South America. At home they are not nearly so active and bold as the spider-monkey, doubtless because they are not all legs and tail, like the spiders. They not only eat fruit of all kinds, but are also very fond of beetles and other insects, eggs, and even young birds. The tail is prehensile, but not powerfully so like that of the spider-monkey.

Of the OWL-MONKEYS, or DOUROUCOULIS, there are two species in Central America, one of which, the RED-FOOTED variety, ‡ is found in Nicaragua, and the other § has thus far been found only in Costa Rica. They are very much alike, both very rare, and rather uninteresting because of their purely nocturnal habits. They are about as large as a gray squirrel, and the species called *vociferans* is covered with a thick coat of long, silky hair of a grizzled brown-and-white color. The eyes are very large, and of a liquid brown color. One of these little creatures which was sent from Panama to the National Museum, and there lived in captivity, kept itself shut up like a jack-knife

\* At'e-les ru-fi-ven'tris. † C'e-bus hy-po-leu'cas. ‡ Nyc° ti-pi-the'cus ru'fi-pes. § Nyc° ti-pi-the'cus vo-cif'er-ans.



all day long, but at night it was as lively as any well-regulated monkey ought to be.

The RED-BACKED TEETEE, or SQUIRREL MONKEY,\* is by far the most beautiful in form and color of all the North American monkeys, as well as being an interesting pet in captivity. The length of the head and body is about twelve inches, and the tail is about the same length. In color the whole skull-cap is black; the ears, face, neck, and throat are white; the back is reddish brown; the sides of the body, forearms, hands, and feet are ochre yellow; and the arms, thighs, and upper two-thirds of the tail are olive and gray. The tail is not prehensile, and the outer third of it is covered with rather bushy black hair, longest at the end.

I once owned a very near relative to the species described above, a Teetee, but not this identical species, which was about the size of a gray squirrel, with the nervous activity and sprightliness of three. I bought it of a sleepy Indian in South America, and it proved to be the plague of several people's lives.

He could perform one feat which I am sure no other monkey can. He could easily climb up the corner of a smoothly planed, square-

\* *Chrys'o-thrix CEr'sted-i.*

cornered door-casing simply by exerting pressure in two directions with his hands and feet. One evening in Demerara, I once saw, during half an hour's paddling on the Essequibo River, about sixty of these little fellows settling themselves for the night. They huddled close together on the large horizontal branches, like a flock of sparrows, partly for company, and partly for warmth. One that we shot and roasted for supper proved to be better flavored than any squirrel I ever ate. These monkeys are so small they are not swift climbers in the tree-tops, and although easy enough to shoot, are desperately hard to find afterward.

Last and least of the North American monkeys is the little MARMOSET, or MIDAS MONKEY,† whose home is really in South America, but who has wandered as far north as the Isthmus of Panama. Like its numerous relatives farther south, it is no larger than our common red squirrel. The face and sides of the head are almost naked, and in color this little creature is grayish brown on its upper parts, and whitish below. The top of the head is pure white, and the nape and back of the neck is reddish brown.

† *Mi-das Geof'froy-i.*



## The Jolly Miller

by  
John Ernest McCann.

"Life is a grind!" the mill wheel said,  
And the jolly old miller laughed  
in glee:  
"If it wasn't, where would we get  
our bread,

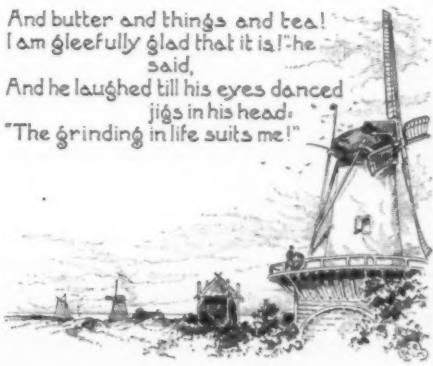


And butter and things and tea!  
I am gleefully glad that it is!" he

said,

And he laughed till his eyes danced  
jigs in his head:

"The grinding in life suits me!"



## BABETTE.

(A historical romance.)

By MARY A. WINSTON.



I.

**B**ABETTE sat in the conservatory, painting—painting the great golden roses there with the glory of the morning sunshine upon them.

Babette was not unlike a golden rose herself as she sat there. She wore a gown of soft yellow, a color in which her artistic fancy delighted. The dancing sunbeams brought out the golden glints lurking in the shadow of her curly brown hair. But, best of all, one had only to look deep down into her sweet dark eyes to see that she had a heart of pure gold.

Yet up to that morning, when she painted the roses in the conservatory, our little Babette had not had a life of sunshine. When she was born, she brought with her a cloud of disappointment and dismay; and that cloud hung over her still. All Babette's woe was due to the fact that she had not come into the world a boy. No light-hearted little lass in free America, born to an equal share of love and consideration with her brothers, can realize what misery it meant to Babette to be a girl; for her father was a baron of Prussia under the great Frederick, and all the fair, broad acres of smiling German landscape for miles around his castle belonged to him. But, alas! the great castle, the handsome estate, and all, must one day fall into the hands of a stranger, because they could be inherited only by a male heir—and Babette had been born a girl.

So the tiny girl babe found the world a cold, hard place where no welcome awaited her—not even among her father's tenants and servants.

She had no mother to comfort her. Her father was one of the generals who helped King Frederick win his superb victories, and was absent at war or at court most of the time. On his rare, brief home visits, he was too much occupied to notice his little daughter, or if she were brought to his attention, he would merely pat her head absently and say:

"Yes, yes, thou art a good child, little Babette; but thou shouldst have been a boy!"

Then it would seem to Babette that her cup of sorrow was full, and could not hold one drop more of bitterness. She loved her father, and longed, in her shy way, for the tender approbation that he never gave.

The little Babette had been left to the ungentle hands of her stern Aunt Elise, who, besides sharing in the general prejudice against the child on account of her sex, regarded her with disfavor for another reason: Babette's mother had been a French lady, and Aunt Elise hated the French. She had received the pretty young bride from across the border with such cold and repressive treatment that when Babette came into the world, her mother, from sheer discouragement and homesickness, left it. Unfortunately for Babette's peace, she was the picture of her dead mother and a thorough little Frenchwoman in her sweet impulsiveness and charming inconsistencies. All this Aunt Elise hated—she hated the short dark curls that waved about Babette's bright face, the hair that would not grow long and smooth, and could not be made to hang in flaxen braids like a true German maiden's. Moreover, the soft brown eyes were so like those of the homesick little bride that they brought twinges of remorse to Aunt Elise's soul; and this made Babette's eyes all the more detestable to her for not being German blue.

"It is n't so much that Aunt Elise can't forgive me for not being a boy. I could under-

stand that. Dear father feels the same way," Babette would often say to herself, bitterly. "But she thinks that even as a girl I am a trial and a disappointment. Oh, I can't help looking like my dear dead mama!—and I can't help it because I would rather paint than knit and embroider like Gretchen and Linda. It is in me, somehow. But I *do* love my country and good King Frederick, for all that, and I am—I am Prussian! If I had only been a boy, for dear father's sake!"

A true little artist, Babette was much more skilful with the brush than with the needle, and she always preferred wandering about the beautiful woods and parks of her father's estate to sitting quietly in the house by her aunt's side.

So Babette's short life of sixteen years had been a stormy one. Though she had a lovely home, pretty clothes, servants to wait upon her, and masters to teach her languages, music, painting, and everything that a lady of the noble class should know, yet she lacked the one essential of happiness—love.

On this particular morning, as Babette's little hands were busy over her painting of golden roses, her heart was very heavy. Her father was at home on a flying visit, and only the night before he had complained regretfully that Babette was not a boy so that she might join the army and help the poor king drive back his innumerable enemies.

Babette had cried herself to sleep. Ah, why must she be such a disappointment and humiliation, when her heart was so full of love for them all and ached so with the longing to serve them? This thought was surging over and over in Babette's weary brain, when she heard the voices of her father and his guest, General Kuhland, as they strolled among the palms at the other end of the conservatory.

It was the ever-memorable year 1758, when

Frederick the Great of Prussia stood like some great mythic giant with all Europe snarling like wolves about him, ready to devour him. The



"THOU ART A GOOD CHILD, LITTLE BABETTE; BUT THOU SHOULDST HAVE BEEN A BOY!"

Russians, with that scourge of the East—the Cossacks, were upon him, and the Austrians encamped on his frontiers. Truly, those were troublous times for Prussia, and no one realized the fact more keenly than did Babette's father, whose barony occupied an upper corner of the little kingdom, near the border. He

had come with a detachment from the main army to defend his ancestral acres.

"We are planning the attack for next Thursday," Babette's father was saying to his friend. "My troops are ready for a call at any moment; but there is one thing lacking to complete our preparations. You know the old mill up the river opposite my northeast forest-land? Well, I have not visited it since I was a boy, so I can't be sure that there is still a room left there with water-tight roofing. If there were, we might smuggle provisions and ammunition over there in readiness for the campaign. The Russians, however, keep this border-land closely guarded by bands of mounted Cossacks. I do not venture to send any of my men across to investigate; for, in case they are captured, the fact that we have sent scouts will warn the Russian rascals to be on the watch for an attack. Then our whole scheme would be spoiled."

Babette, sitting with brush suspended, did not hear General Kuhland's reply. She was thinking of her father's words. The men could not go, for that would warn the Russians. An idea dawned in Babette's mind. She was not a man—why could she not go across the river and examine the ruins for her father? Even if the Cossacks did capture her, that could not possibly suggest an attack to the Russians. There would be no risk to her father's plan through her going.

The question she had been asking so sorrowfully all her life had its answer now. Why had she been born a girl? Why, for this: to aid her father in saving their beautiful home from a ferocious enemy—ay, more than that, she would be helping the good King Frederick in his mortal struggle with his foes. All this she could do, and could do only because she was a girl.

The sweet, ruddy color deepened in Babette's cheeks as her determination grew. She would prove that she did love the dear fatherland, even though Aunt Elise told her every day that she was no true German maiden, but had inherited entirely from her French mother's side. Babette's breath came and went so fast, she did not notice that her father and General Kuhland had appeared

from behind the palms and stood gazing at her as she painted feverishly on her roses.

"Ah-h! behold the spirit of the sunshine!" said the courtly old general, bowing low before her.

Babette's father looked down kindly upon his daughter.

"*Mein lieblich*, I did not see you there. I must have taken you for one of those fabulous rosebuds that Hans the gardener has been telling me about."

A gentle word from her busy father could always brighten the world for Babette. She looked up with a shy blush and smiled.

In a few minutes she escaped to her own little tower-room, and ran to the casement to "plan her expedition."

At some distance from the mansion, a stream wound in and out like a silver thread through the green fields. To the chance visitor at the castle, this stream had an interest beyond the beauty that it added to the view, for it formed the boundary line between Prussia and Russia. Its opposite banks were aliens and enemies to each other. Babette was thinking of this one day as she drifted in her boat along the German side.

"It is a good thing," she concluded mentally, "that the river talks a language of its own, so that those Russian daisies over there and the dear little German forget-me-nots on this side can both understand what these little waves are whispering about."

Many a delightful hour had Babette dreamed away in the old scow on the river, but she decided that it must serve her for another purpose this morning. She must slip away from the castle prepared for a sketching trip, to avoid inquiry. She would hasten to the northeast woods, row the scow across the river to the Russian side, land, make her investigations at the old mill, and hasten back before her father and General Kuhland returned to camp headquarters.

Babette gathered together her painting-materials, then stopped to pin a little note on her pillow, "for Father to read if I do not come back"—and even brave little Babette shuddered at the possibility. She well knew how war prisoners were treated by Cossacks, for

neither youth nor womanhood gained mercy from that fierce and barbarous people.

Aunt Elise sat embroidering at the window of the sunny morning-room as Babette passed by on her way to the river.

"Where are you going now, Wilhelmina?" she asked fretfully.

She always called Babette by her baptismal name, never condescending to use the little French nickname her father had given her because it was her mother's.

"I am going out to the northeast woods, Aunt Elise. There will be plenty to sketch there such a lovely morning. The sunshine is so bright, and the little shadows are so delicious," added Babette dreamily, thinking of the old scow floating at its moorings under the willows.

Aunt Elise looked at the picturesque small figure in the yellow gown and demure little cap of velvet and pearls, and the vision of that conventional, flaxen-haired, ideal niece of hers rose to vex her mind.

"Well," she snapped, "you never will be like other girls—content to stay in the house and learn something that is useful; but you must always be roaming about the country. What could I expect of you, though? You're not a German."

Then poor Babette, stung to the quick, grasped her paint-brushes convulsively and fled. Her aunt's words had clinched her purpose if she had been inclined to waver at the thought of

capture by the Cossacks. She sped through the woodland, and was soon standing under the willows where the glimmering sunbeams and the dancing little shadows were "delicious," as she had said.

As she was about to jump into the boat, she hesitated whether to leave her easel and paint-box behind or not. She thought at first they would only be in her way. The next moment, however, she turned back and threw them in.

"Now," she said to herself, as she pushed off, "if the Cossacks come and find me only painting, perhaps they will think that is harmless and let me alone."

Babette had an active brain under that thatch of wayward brown curls.

## II.

BABETTE paddled the scow slowly across the river, selected a good place to land, and then cautiously crept up the forbidden bank. As it was war-time, no Prussian had any right upon that soil, even if the trespasser was but a few rods away from his own ground.

Babette with a beating heart stole softly through the woods along the riverside. She almost prayed that the branches and shrubs might not crackle under her feet. Her every sense was on the alert. Once she startled a timid gray rabbit in the wood; and he in turn made her heart jump when he leaped through some dry, fallen twigs. But she began to feel



"BABETTE SELECTED A GOOD PLACE TO LAND."

more reassured when she reached the little foot-path leading to the ruins of the old mill, for still no one was in sight.

The ancient stone pile stood near the edge of the river; it had long been deserted and use-



less, but the ivy and beautiful red trumpet-creepers had seized upon it and made it their own as soon as man had forsaken it. Babette entered cautiously at the weather-beaten entrance, over which drooped the long trailing vines. She began to examine the premises carefully.

The main part of the building, where the grain had been ground, was entirely unroofed, and the blue sky arched over it; a soft carpet of green moss covered the stone flagging of the floor; here and there, parts of the walls were gone, and through these loopholes glimpses of the silvery waters of the river were to be seen.

Babette sighed: "I am afraid it will do Father no good, after all. It is beautiful, but ruined utterly."

The rest of the one-story building seemed to have been used as a kind of store-room for the grain-sacks. This part was in a state of worse dilapidation than the main wing. Babette was bitterly disappointed. It had not occurred to her that her errand might be a fruitless one even if she escaped detection. With these thoughts in her mind, she was standing looking away through a broad gap in the wall to the leafy aisle of woodland bordering the river.

Suddenly she said to herself: "I wonder what can be seen from that high opening in the other wall, over there—above this great pile of stones. I believe I will climb up and see. There must be a view of the river on that side."

Up Babette sprang from one stone to the other, like a gigantic, tawny squirrel, and at last she could peer through the opening. There, to her surprise, she found that she was looking down into what had once been in all probability the mill-owner's little private office.

It opened only into the store-room, and had no direct communication with the main part of the mill. The one entrance to the store-room was blocked by the fallen walls, and had escaped Babette's notice. She observed with joy that this room was in a better condition than the rest of the building. To be sure, the floor was partially gone, and Babette, looking down through the hole, could see the old water-wheel, moss-covered, but gay in its silent old age with the scarlet blossoms of a day. True, there was a place where the window had once been, but

it could easily be boarded over or blocked up. And as for the hole in the floor, that could do no harm, for the rest of the flagging was strong and safe, the supports underneath being firm still. Nay, this very hole might be of excellent service, since the men with the stores of powder could creep from the riverside, past the old water-wheel, to the ruins, and hand up their treasure through the hole to one of their number above in the room.

Babette's quick mind grasped these possibilities at once. Then she perched herself on her lofty pinnacle of stones, and drew a plan of the ruin, showing especially the position and capabilities of the miller's office. The soft breeze from the river stirred the damp curls about Babette's flushed face. The gay red trumpets at the small window nodded knowingly, as if they would say:

"We knew it all the while—we knew it—we knew it!"

Babette's heart beat happily now, and everything seemed to accord with her mood. How glad and proud she should be to show that plan to her father, with Aunt Elise and General Kuhland standing by! She folded the paper and hid it inside the bosom of her gown. That done, she decided to descend and sketch the approach from the river-bank, past the mill-wheel.

Babette felt very safe down behind the ruins, securely hidden from the sight of any one in the path above. So, when she had finished the second drawing for her father's inspection, she could not resist the temptation to sketch the mossy old wheel. Then she wanted to try her hand at the colors, and set up her easel and fell to work painting. The artist in Babette was uppermost now, and her fears were forgotten. No sound broke the stillness except the murmur of the little ripples on the shore. Surely there could be no danger in staying just a little longer. "There is nothing like this for beauty on our side," she murmured to herself.

Ah, Babette, Babette, if only the pretty red trumpets waving in the breeze from the height of the old mill-tower could have whispered to you that they saw, far off along the plain, a tiny cloud of dust which grew larger and larger! But Babette's brown curls bent low over her

work, and the friendly red trumpets nodded and beckoned their warning in vain. She was absorbed in mixing her colors to get just the right shades of gray and green combined in the picturesque old wheel, when she became conscious

"There is n't time to get away. They must find me painting," she gasped, and fell to work desperately.

Fate had doomed Babette to discovery; for had she remained above in the heart of the ruins



"AH-H! BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF THE SUNSHINE!" SAID THE COURTLY OLD GENERAL." (SEE PAGE 342.)

of the sound of horses' feet on the highway above. Her heart stood still. It must be the Cossacks! Oh, why had she not gone before, when she might safely have done so?

Voices soon reached Babette's ear. She picked up her brushes, which she had thrown down in her first terror.

VOL. XXI.—44.

she would not have been seen. But the Cossacks, for such the new-comers were, decided to lead their horses to water at the river and then rest themselves awhile in the shade behind the

W. G. Smith  
1894

old mill, as it was hot and dusty riding that day. Soon, therefore, six or seven tall, savage-looking figures issued from around the corner of the mill. They tied their horses to some trees, and lay down near by. Babette could hear them jabbering away in their strange guttural fashion.

By and by one of these gigantic sons of Mars happened to turn his lazy length over, and in so doing caught a glimpse of Babette's yellow gown. He spoke a few words to his companions, and the group was instantly alive with interest. Babette heard them approach; the evil day was upon her. But, somehow, in the face of real danger there arose in Babette's heart a feeling of courage which made her ready for any fate. For she was the daughter of a race of warriors who had fought by the side of the rulers of Prussia for many generations.



"BABETTE RAISED HER BRUSH AND COOLLY DREW IT ACROSS THE INTRUDER'S FACE."

The half-dozen grim and cruel faces were very near now. Such a wild, unkempt-looking company they were, with their matted beards

and mustachios, and outlandish caps! The tallest and gauntest Cossack rushed forward to seize Babette. He was about to clutch her arm, when Babette raised her brush and coolly drew it across the intruder's face, painting a wide scarlet streak upon his cheek. The fellow stumbled back in confusion at this novel attack, while his companions roared in derision. Then they all caught sight of Babette's picture. In an instant the expression of the whole group was transformed from the ferocity of the wild beast to the eager curiosity of the small child. In a twinkling of the eye, the wild Cossacks of the plains were tamed. They had never seen a picture before!

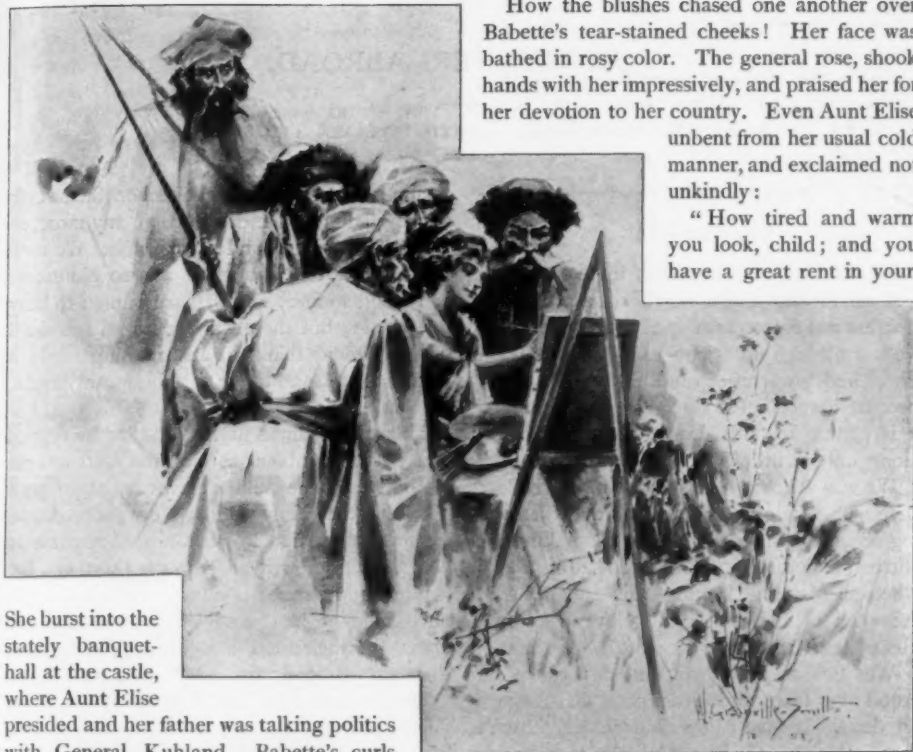
Babette was soon startled by a wolf-like visage peering over her shoulder, then another—and another, until the whole group had crowded around her, silently, almost breathlessly, watching her put in rapid strokes to finish the picture.

A strong wind began to blow, and it hindered Babette. It threatened to blow away easel, picture, and all. By signs she made the giant Cossack leader understand that she wished him to steady the easel and hold down the refractory picture upon it. He obeyed without a word, and stood patiently while Babette went on painting unconcernedly. For what need she fear, who could control even the barbarous Cossack? Vain little Babette! It is not you, but curiosity, that has completed this marvelous conquest. The wild Cossack will lay aside his native ferocity any time to gratify his ruling passion, the desire to investigate.

When the picture was done, Babette arose and gave it to one of the Cossacks. While they were all quarreling violently as to which of them should have the treasure, Babette gathered up her traps and hastened away through the woods. The soldiers in their noisy altercation did not notice her flight until it was too late, for Babette was just pushing the

old scow off into the stream again.

It was not long, you may be sure, before Babette was safe on German territory once more.



She burst into the stately banquet-hall at the castle, where Aunt Elise presided and her father was talking politics with General Kuhland. Babette's curls were flying and her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, Father," she cried, "I have a diagram of the old mill on the Russian side, and it is safe for use! I heard you talking about it in the conservatory this morning, and I thought it would n't make any difference if I were captured, because—because," here the sobs would come up in brave little Babette's throat, though she had not wept to see the fierce Cossack—"because nobody wanted me here at home—because I—I am a girl."

And Babette finished her story with a confused burst of tears.

The next moment Babette found herself where she had so often longed to be—in her father's arms, and he was looking at her with pride and tenderness shining in his eyes. He led his daughter to the old warrior on the other side of the table.

"General," he said, "here is one whom Prussia may be proud to call her own!"

How the blushes chased one another over Babette's tear-stained cheeks! Her face was bathed in rosy color. The general rose, shook hands with her impressively, and praised her for her devotion to her country. Even Aunt Elise unbent from her usual cold manner, and exclaimed not unkindly:

"How tired and warm you look, child; and you have a great rent in your

"THE WHOLE GROUP OF COSSACKS CROWDED AROUND HER, WATCHING HER PUT IN RAPID STROKES TO FINISH THE PICTURE."

gown!" It was the happiest moment in Babette's life.

She then explained the plans which she had drawn. There was nothing lacking in the description, every detail was as clear as noonday.

"She ought to have been a boy!" exclaimed General Kuhland. "What rare campaigns she would plan—and execute too! She ought to have been a boy!"

"And, by my sword, she shall be—or as good as one!" cried the great Frederick when he heard of her exploit, for he knew the shadow that hung over Babette's home—the lack of a male heir.

So, under his own hand and seal, the good king cut off the entail in the succession to the estates, as they express it; and little Babette, by a stroke of the royal pen, became, in law, a boy, and heir to all her father's possessions.

## TOM SAWYER ABROAD.

BY HUCK FINN. EDITED BY MARK TWAIN.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

### CHAPTER VIII.

WE had an early breakfast in the morning, and set looking down on the desert, and the weather was ever so bummy and lovely, although we war n't high up. You have to come down lower and lower after sundown, in the desert, because it cools off so fast; and so, by the time it is getting towards dawn you are skimming along only a little ways above the sand.

We was watching the shadder of the balloon slide along the ground, and now and then gazing off across the desert to see if anything was stirring, and then down at the shadder again, when all of a sudden almost right under us we see a lot of men and camels laying scattered about, perfectly quiet, like they was asleep.

We shut off the power, and backed up and stood over them, and then we see that they was all dead. It give us the cold shivers. And it made us hush down, too, and talk low, like people at a funeral. We dropped down slow, and stopped, and me and Tom clumb down and went amongst them. There was men, and women, and children. They was dried by the sun and dark and shriveled and leathery, like the pictures of mummies you see in books. And yet they looked just as human, you would n't 'a' believed it; just like they was asleep.

Some of the people and animals was partly covered with sand, but most of them not, for the sand was thin there, and the bed was gravel, and hard. Most of the clothes had rotted away; and when you took hold of a rag, it tore with a touch, like spider-web. Tom reckoned they had been laying there for years.

Some of the men had rusty guns by them, some had swords on and had shawl belts with long silver-mounted pistols stuck in them. All the camels had their loads on, yet, but the packs had busted or rotted and spilt the freight out

on the ground. We did n't reckon the swords was any good to the dead people any more, so we took one apiece, and some pistols. We took a small box, too, because it was so handsome and inlaid so fine; and then we wanted to bury the people; but there war n't no way to do it that we could think of, and nothing to do it with but sand, and that would blow away again, of course.

Then we mounted high and sailed away, and pretty soon that black spot on the sand was out of sight and we would n't ever see them poor people again in this world. We wondered, and reasoned, and tried to guess how they come to be there, and how it all happened to them, but we could n't make it out. First we thought maybe they got lost, and wandered around and about till their food and water give out and they starved to death; but Tom said no wild animals nor vultures had n't meddled with them, and so that guess would n't do. So at last we give it up, and judged we would n't think about it no more, because it made us low-spirited.

Then we opened the box, and it had gems and jewels in it, quite a pile, and some little veils of the kind the dead women had on, with fringes made out of curious gold money that we war n't acquainted with. We wondered if we better go and try to find them again and give it back; but Tom thought it over and said no, it was a country that was full of robbers, and they would come and steal it, and then the sin would be on us for putting the temptation in their way. So we went on; but I wished we had took all they had, so there would n't 'a' been no temptation at all left.

We had had two hours of that blazing weather down there, and was dreadful thirsty when we got aboard again. We went straight for the water, but it was spoiled and bitter, besides being pretty near hot enough to scald your mouth. We could n't drink it. It was Mississippi river water, the best in the world, and we



stirred up the mud in it to see if that would help, but no, the mud was n't any better than the water.

Well, we had n't been so very, very thirsty before, whilst we was interested in the lost people, but we was, now, and as soon as we found we could n't have a drink, we was more than thirty-five times as thirsty as we was a

we could n't hold them any more. Two hours — three hours — just gazing and gazing, and nothing but sand, sand, *sand*, and you could see the quivering heat-shimmer playing over it. Dear, dear, a body don't know what real misery is till he is thirsty all the way through and is certain he ain't ever going to come to any water any more. At last I



"WE OPENED THE BOX, AND IT HAD GEMS AND JEWELS IN IT."

quarter of a minute before. Why, in a little while we wanted to hold our mouths open and pant like a dog.

Tom said to keep a sharp lookout, all around, everywhere, because we 'd got to find an oasis or there war n't no telling what would happen. So we done it. We kept the glasses gliding around all the time, till our arms got so tired

could n't stand it to look around on them baking plains; I laid down on the locker, and give it up.

But by and by Tom raised a whoop, and there she was! A lake, wide and shiny, with pam-trees leaning over it asleep, and their shadders in the water just as soft and delicate as ever you see. I never see anything look so

good. It was a long ways off, but that war n't anything to us; we just slapped on a hundred-mile gait, and calculated to be there in seven minutes; but she stayed the same old distance away, all the time; we could n't seem to gain on her; yes, sir, just as far, and shiny, and like a dream; but we could n't get no nearer; and at last, all of a sudden, she was gone!

Tom's eyes took a spread, and he says—

"Boys, it was a *myridge*!" Said it like he was glad. I did n't see nothing to be glad about. I says—

"May be. I don't care nothing about its name, the thing I want to know is, what 's become of it?"

Jim was trembling all over, and so scared he could n't speak, but he wanted to ask that question himself if he could 'a' done it. Tom says—

"What 's *become* of it? Why, you see, yourself, it 's gone."

"Yes, I know; but where 's it gone to?"

He looked me over and says—

"Well, now, Huck Finn, where *would* it go to? Don't you know what a *myridge* is?"

"No, I don't. What is it?"

"It ain't anything but imagination. There ain't anything *to* it."

It warmed me up a little to hear him talk like that, and I says—

"What 's the use you talking that kind of stuff, Tom Sawyer? Did n't I see the lake?"

"Yes—you think you did."

"I don't think nothing about it, I *did* see it."

"I tell you you *did* n't see it, either—because it war n't there to see."

It astonished Jim to hear him talk so, and he broke in and says, kind of pleading and distressed—

"Mars' Tom, *please* don't say sich things in sich an awful time as dis. You ain't only reskin' yo' own self, but you 's reskin' us—same way like Anna Nias en' Sifira. De lake *wuz* dah—I seen it jis' as plain as I sees you en' Huck dis minute."

I says—

"Why, he seen it himself! He was the very one that seen it first. *Now*, then!"

"Yes, Mars' Tom, hit 's so—you can't deny it. We all seen it, en dat *prove* it was dah."

"Proves it! *How* does it prove it?"

"Same way it does in de courts en everywheres, Mars' Tom. One pusson might be drunk, or dreamy or suthin', en he could be mistaken; en two might, maybe; but I tell you, sah, when three sees a thing, drunk er sober, it 's *so*. Dey ain't no gittin' aroun' dat, en you knows it, Mars' Tom."

"I don't know nothing of the kind. There used to be forty thousand million people that seen the sun move from one side of the sky to the other every day. Did that prove that the sun *done* it?"

"'Course it did. En besides, dey war n't no 'casion to prove it. A body 'at 's got any sense ain't gwine to doubt it. Dah she is, now—a sailin' thoo de sky, like she allays done."

Tom turned on me, then, and says—

"What do *you* say—is the sun standing still?"

"Tom Sawyer, what 's the use to ask such a jackass question? Anybody that ain't blind can see it don't stand still."

"Well," he says, "I 'm lost in the sky with no company but a passel of low-down animals that don't know no more than the head boss of a university did three or four hundred years ago."

It war n't fair play, and I let him know it. I says—

"Throwin' mud ain't arguin', Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, my goodness, oh, my goodness gracious, dah 's de lake ag'in!" yelled Jim, just then. "*Now*, Mars' Tom, what you gwine to say?"

Yes, sir, there was the lake again, away yonder across the desert, perfectly plain, trees and all, just the same as it was before. I says—

"I reckon you 're satisfied now, Tom Sawyer."

But he says, perfectly ca'm—

"Yes, satisfied there ain't no lake there."

Jim says—

"*Don't* talk so, Mars' Tom—it sk'yers me to hear you. It 's so hot, en you 's so thirsty, dat you ain't in yo' right mine, Mars' Tom. Oh, but don't she look good! 'clah I doan' know how I 's gwine to wait tell we gits dah, I 's so thirsty."

"Well, you 'll have to wait; and it won't do

you no good, either, because there ain't no lake there, I tell you."

I says—

"Jim, don't you take your eye off of it, and I won't, either."

"Deed I won't; en bless you, honey, I could n't ef I wanted to."

We went a-tearing along toward it, piling the miles behind us like nothing, but never gaining an inch on it—and all of a sudden it was gone again! Jim staggered, and most fell down. When he got his breath he says, gasping like a fish—

"Mars Tom, hit 's a *ghos'*, dat 's what it is, en I hopes to goodness we ain't gwine to see it no mo'. Dey 's *been* a lake, en suthin 's happened, en de lake 's dead, en we 's seen its *ghos'*; we 's seen it twist, en dat 's proof. De desert 's ha'nted, it 's ha'nted, sho'; oh, Mars Tom, le's git outen it; I 'd ruther die den have de night ketch us in it ag'in en de *ghos'* er dat lake come a-mournin' aroun' us en we asleep en doan know de danger we 's in."

"Ghost, you gander! It ain't anything but air and heat and thirstiness pasted together by a person's imagination. If I—gimme the glass!"

He grabbed it and begun to gaze off to the right.

"It 's a flock of birds," he says. "It 's get-

ting toward sundown, and they 're making a bee-line across our track for somewheres. They mean business—maybe they 're going for food or water, or both. Let her go to star-board!—Port your hellum! Hard down! There—ease up—steady, as you go."

We shut down some of the power, so as not to outspeed them, and took out after them. We went skimming along a quarter of a mile behind them, and when we had followed them an hour and a half and was getting pretty discouraged, and was thirsty clean to unendurableness, Tom says—

"Take the glass, one of you, and see what that is, away ahead of the birds."

Jim got the first glimpse, and slumped down on the locker, sick. He was most crying, and says—



"AND ALL THIS TIME THE LIONS AND TIGERS WAS SORTING OUT THE CLOTHES." (SEE PAGE 353.)



"WE CATCHED A LOT OF THE NICEST FISH YOU EVER SEE." (SEE PAGE 354.)

"She 's dah ag'in, Mars Tom, she 's dah ag'in, en I knows I 's gwine to die, 'case when a body sees a ghos' de third time, dat 's what it means. I wisht I 'd never come in dis balloon, dat I does."

He would n't look no more, and what he said made me afraid, too, because I knowed it was true, for that has always been the way with ghosts; so then I would n't look any more, either. Both of us begged Tom to turn off and go some other way, but he would n't, and said we was ignorant superstitious blatherskites. Yes, and he 'll git come up with, one of these days, I says to myself, 'insulting ghosts that way. They 'll stand it for a while, maybe, but they won't stand it always, for anybody that knows about ghosts knows how easy they are hurt, and how revengeful they are.

So we was all quiet and still, Jim and me being scared, and Tom busy. By and by Tom fetched the balloon to a standstill, and says—

"Now get up and look, you sapheads."

We done it, and there was the sure-enough water right under us!—clear, and blue, and cool, and deep, and wavy with the breeze, the loveliest sight that ever was. And all about it was grassy banks, and flowers, and shady groves of big trees, looped together with vines, and all looking so peaceful and comfortable, enough to make a body cry, it was so beautiful.

Jim *did* cry, and rip and dance and carry on, he was so thankful and out of his mind for joy. It was my watch, so I had to stay by the works, but Tom and Jim clumb down and drunk a barrel apiece, and fetched me up a lot, and I 've tasted a many a good thing in my life, but nothing that ever begun with that water.

Then we went down and had a swim, and then Tom came up and spelled me, and me and Jim had a swim, and then Jim spelled Tom, and me and Tom had a foot-race and a boxing-mill, and I don't reckon I ever had such a good time in my life. It war n't so very hot, because it was close on to evening, and we had n't any clothes on, anyway. Clothes is well enough in school, and-in towns, and at balls, too, but there ain't no sense in them when there ain't no civilization nor other kinds of bothers and fussiness around.

VOL. XXI.—45.

"Lions a-comin'!—lions! Quick, Mars Tom, jump for yo' life, Huck!"

Oh, and did n't we! We never stopped for clothes, but waltzed up the ladder just so. Jim lost his head straight off—he always done it whenever he got excited and scared; and so now, 'stead of just easing the ladder up from the ground a little, so the animals could n't reach it, he turned on a raft of power, and we went whizzing up and was dangling in the sky before he got his wits together and seen what a foolish thing he was doing. Then he stopped her, but he had clean forgot what to do next; so there we was, so high that the lions looked like pups, and we was drifting off on the wind.

But Tom he shinned up and went for the works and begun to slant her down, and back towards the lake, where the animals was gathering like a camp-meeting, and I judged he had lost *his* head, too; for he knowed I was too scared to climb, and did he want to dump me among the tigers and things?

But no, his head was level, he knowed what he was about. He swooped down to within thirty or forty feet of the lake, and stopped right over the center, and sung out—

"Leggo, and drop!"

I done it, and shot down, feet first, and seemed to go about a mile toward the bottom; and when I come up, he says—

"Now lay on your back and float till you 're rested and got your pluck back, then I 'll dip the ladder in the water and you can climb aboard."

I done it. Now that was ever so smart in Tom, because if he had started off somewheres else to drop down on the sand, the menagerie would 'a' come along, too, and might 'a' kept us hunting a safe place till I got tuckered out and fell.

And all this time the lions and tigers was sorting out the clothes, and trying to divide them up so there would be some for all, but there was a misunderstanding about it somewheres, on accounts of some of them trying to hog more than their share; so there was another insurrection, and you never see anything like it in the world. There must 'a' been fifty of them, all mixed up together, snorting and



roaring and snapping and biting and tearing, legs and tails in the air and you could n't tell which was which, and the sand and fur a-flying. And when they got done, some was dead, and some was limping off crippled, and the rest was setting around on the battle-field, some of them licking their sore places and the others looking up at us and seemed to be kind of inviting us to come down and have some fun, but which we did n't want any.

As for the clothes, they war n't any, any more. Every last rag of them was inside of the animals; and not agreeing with them very well, I don't reckon, for there was considerable many brass buttons on them, and there was knives in the pockets, too, and smoking-tobacco, and nails and chalk and marbles and fish-hooks and things. But I was n't caring. All that was bothering me was, that all we had, now, was the Professor's clothes, a big enough assortment, but not suitable to go into company with, if we came across any, because the britches was as long as tunnels, and the coats and things according. Still, there was everything a tailor needed, and Jim was a kind of jack-legged tailor, and he allowed, he could soon turn a suit or two down for us that would answer.

#### CHAPTER IX.

STILL, we thought we would drop down there a minute, but on another errand. Most of the Professor's cargo of food was put up in cans, in the new way that somebody had just invented, the rest was fresh. When you fetch Missouri beefsteak to the Great Sahara, you want to be particular and stay up in the coolish weather. So we reckoned we would drop down into the lion market and see how we could make out there.

We hauled in the ladder and dropped down till we was just above the reach of the animals, then we let down a rope with a slip-knot in it and hauled up a dead lion, a small tender one, then yanked up a cub tiger. We had to keep the congregation off with the revolver, or they would 'a' took a hand in the proceedings and helped.

We carved off a supply from both, and saved the skins, and hove the rest overboard. Then we baited some of the Professor's hooks with

the fresh meat and went a-fishing. We stood over the lake just a convenient distance above the water, and caught a lot of the nicest fish you ever see. It was a most amazing good supper we had; lion steak, tiger steak, fried fish and hot corn pone. I don't want nothing better than that.

We had some fruit to finish off with. We got it out of the top of a monstrous tall tree. It was a very slim tree that had n't a branch on it from the bottom plumb to the top, and there it busted out like a feather-duster. It was a pam tree, of course; anybody knows a pam tree the minute he see it, by the pictures. We went for coconuts in this one, but there war n't none. There was only big loose bunches of things like over-sized grapes, and Tom allowed they was dates, because he said they answered the description in the Arabian Nights and the other books. Of course they might n't be, and they might be pison; so we had to wait a spell, and watch and see if the birds et them. They done it; so we done it too, and they was most amazing good.

By this time monstrous big birds begun to come and settle on the dead animals. They was plucky creturs; they would tackle one end of a lion that was being gnawed at the other end by another lion. If the lion drove the bird away, it did n't do no good, he was back again the minute the lion was busy.

The big birds come out of every part of the sky—you could make them out with the glass whilst they was still so far away you could n't see them with your naked eye. Tom said the birds did n't find out the meat was there by the smell, they had to find it out by seeing it. Oh, but ain't that an eye for you! Tom said at the distance of five mile a 'patch of dead lions could n't look any bigger than a person's finger nail, and he could n't imagine how the birds could notice such a little thing so far off.

It was strange and unnatural to see lion eat lion, and we thought maybe they war n't kin. But Jim said that did n't make no difference. He said a hog was fond of her own children, and so was a spider, and he reckoned maybe a lion was pretty near as unprincipled though maybe not quite. He thought likely a lion would n't eat his own father, if he knowed

which was him, but reckoned he would eat his brother-in-law if he was uncommon hungry, and eat his mother-in-law any time. But *reckoning* don't settle nothing. You can reckon till the cows come home, but that don't fetch you to no decision. So we give it up and let it drop.

Generly it was very still in the Desert, nights, but this time there was music. A lot of other animals come to dinner; sneaking yelpers that Tom allowed was jackals, and roached-backed ones that he said was hyenas; and all the whole biling of them kept up a racket all the time. They made a picture in the moonlight that was more different than any picture I ever see. We had a line out and made fast to the top of a tree, and did n't stand no watch, but all turned in and slept, but I was up two or three times to look down at the animals and hear the music. It was like having a front seat at a menagerie for nothing, which I had n't ever had before, and so it seemed foolish to sleep and not make the most of it, I might n't ever have such a chance again.

We went a-fishing again in the early dawn, and then laized around all day in the deep shade on an island, taking turn about to watch and see that none of the animals come a-snooping around there after erronorts for dinner. We was going to leave next day, but could n't, it was too lovely.

The day after, when we rose up toward the sky and sailed off eastward, we looked back and watched that place till it war n't nothing but just a speck in the Desert, and I tell you it was like saying good-by to a friend that you ain't ever going to see any more.

Jim was thinking to himself, and at last he says—

"Mars Tom, we 's mos' to de end er de Desert now, I speck."

"Why?"

"Well, hit stan' to reason we is. You knows how long we 's been a-skimmin' over it. Mus' be mos' out o' san'. Hit 's a wonder to me dat it 's hilt out as long as it has."

"Shucks, there 's plenty sand, you need n't worry."

"Oh, I ain't a-worryin', Mars Tom, only wonderin', dat 's all. De Lord 's got plenty san' I ain't doubtin' dat, but nemmine, He ain'

gwyne to *was'e* it jist on dat account; en I allows dat dis Desert 's plenty big enough now, jist de way she is, en you can't spread her out no mo' 'dout was'in san'."

"Oh, go 'long! we ain't much more than fairly *started* across this Desert yet. The United States is a pretty big country, ain't it? Ain't it, Huck?"

"Yes," I says, "there ain't no bigger one, I don't reckon."

"Well," he says, "this Desert is about the shape of the United States, and if you was to lay it down on top of the United States, it would cover the land of the free out of sight like a blanket. There 'd be a little corner sticking out, up at Maine and away up north-west, and Florida sticking out like a turtle's tail, and that 's all. We 've took California away from the Mexicans two or three years ago, so that part of the Pacific coast is ours, now, and if you laid the Great Sahara down with her edge on the Pacific, she would cover the United States and stick out past New York six hundred miles into the Atlantic Ocean."

I says—

"Good land! have you got the documents for that, Tom Sawyer?"

"Yes, and they 're right here, and I 've been studying them. You can look for yourself. From New York to the Pacific is 2,600 miles. From one end of the Great Desert to the other is 3,200. The United States contains 3,600,000 square miles, the Desert contains 4,162,000. With the Desert's bulk you could cover up every last inch of the United States, and in under where the edges projected out, you could tuck England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Denmark, and all Germany. Yes, sir, you could hide the home of the brave and all of them countries clean out of sight under the Great Sahara, and you would still have 2,000 square miles of sand left."

"Well," I says, "it clean beats me. Why, Tom, it shows that the Lord took as much pains makin' this Desert as makin' the United States and all them other countries."

Jim says—"Huck, dat don' stan' to reason. I reckon dis Desert wa' n't made, at all. Now you take en look at it like dis—you look at it, and see ef I 's right. What 's a desert good for?

'T ain't good for nuthin'. Dey ain't no way to make it pay. Hain't dat so, Huck?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"Hain't it so, Mars Tom?"

"I guess so. Go on."

"Ef a thing ain't no good, it's made in vain, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Now, den! Do de Lord make anything in vain? You answer me dat."

"Well — no, He don't."

"Den how come He make a desert?"

"Well, go on. How *did* He come to make it?"

"Mars Tom, I b'lieve it uz jes like when you 's buildin' a house; dey 's allays a lot o' truck en rubbish lef' over. What does you do wid it? Doan' you take en k'yart it off en dump it into a ole vacant back lot? 'Course. Now, den, it 's my opinion hit was jes like dat—dat de Great Sahara war n't made at all, she jes *happen*'."

I said it was a real good argument, and I believed it was the best one Jim ever made. Tom he said the same, but said the trouble about arguments is, they ain't nothing but *theories*, after all, and theories don't prove nothing, they only give you a place to rest on, a spell, when you are tuckered out butting around and around trying to find out something there ain't no way to find out. And he says—

"There 's another trouble about theories: there 's always a hole in them somewheres, sure, if you look close enough. It 's just so with this one of Jim's. Look what billions and billions of stars there is. How does it come that there was just exactly enough star-stuff, and none left over? How does it come there ain't no sand-pile up there?"

But Jim was fixed for him and says—

"What 's de Milky Way?—dat 's what I wants to know. What 's de Milky Way? Answer me dat!"

In my opinion it was just a sockdologer. It 's only an opinion, it 's only *my* opinion and others may think different; but I said it then and I stand to it now—it was a sockdologer. And moreover, besides, it landed Tom Sawyer.

He could n't say a word. He had that stunned look of a person that 's been shot in the back with a kag of nails. All he said was, as for people like me and Jim, he 'd just as soon have intellectual intercourse with a catfish. But anybody can say that—and I notice they always do, when somebody has fetched them a lifter. Tom Sawyer was tired of that end of the subject.

So we got back to talking about the size of the Desert again, and the more we compared it with this and that and t' other thing, the more nobler and bigger and grander it got to look, right along. And so, hunting amongst the figgers, Tom found, by and by, that it was just the same size as the Empire of China. Then he showed us the spread the Empire of China made on the map, and the room she took up in the world. Well, it was wonderful to think of, and I says—

"Why, I 've heard talk about this Desert plenty of times, but I never knowed, before, how important she was."

Then Tom says—

"Important! Sahara important! That 's just the way with some people. If a thing 's big, it 's important. That 's all the sense they 've got. All they can see is *size*. Why, look at England. It 's the most important country in the world; and yet you could put it in China's vest pocket; and not only that, but you 'd have the dickens's own time to find it again the next time you wanted it. And look at Russia. It spreads all around and everywhere, and yet ain't no more important in this world than Rhode Island is, and has n't got half as much in it that 's worth saving."

Away off, now, we see a little hill, a-standing up just on the edge of the world. Tom broke off his talk, and reached for a glass very much excited, and took a look, and says—

"That 's it—it 's the one I 've been looking for, sure. If I 'm right, it 's the one the Der-vish took the man into and showed him all the treasures."

So we begun to gaze, and he begun to tell about it out of the Arabian Nights.

(To be continued.)

## A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

I LIVE in a musical neighborhood,  
And I'd certainly move out at once if I could,  
But I've taken my flat till the first of next May,  
So you see very well that I can't get away.

There's a young man down-stairs who sits up late at night,  
And thumps on the banjo with wearisome might,  
While I walk up and down, for I can't sleep a wink  
For the sound of his plinkety-plinkety-plink!

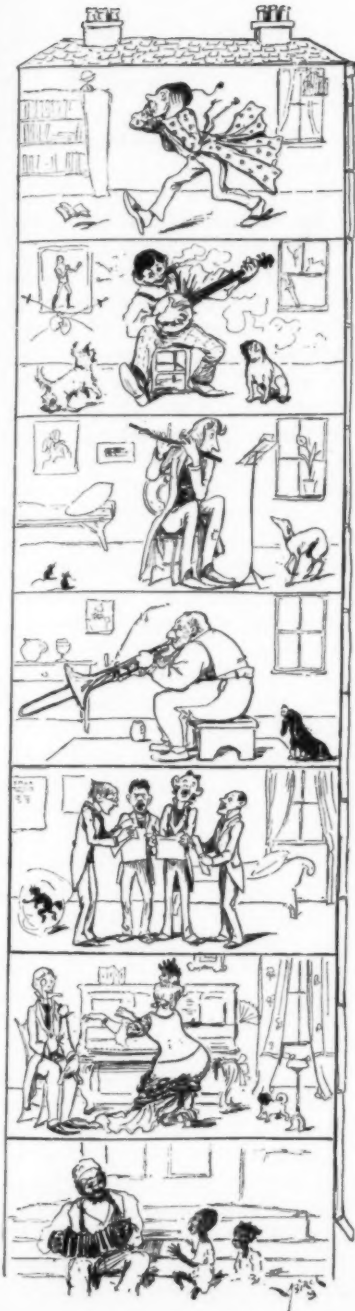
On the floor just below there's a man with a flute—  
Oh, that tootlety-tootlety-tootlety-toot!  
To the nerves it is quite as distressing, I think,  
As the other one's plinkety-plinkety-plink!

A man on a trombone below tries to bang,  
But all he gets from it is whangety-whang;  
And it's dreadful, mixed up with the banjo and flute—  
Whang-whangety-plinkety-tootlety-toot!

And then there's a quartet of zealous young men,  
Who try glees and anthems again and again;  
But all that they do is so woefully queer  
They should go to a wood, where there's no one to hear!

There's a lady besides on the very first floor,  
And on a piano the scale she runs o'er—  
Just *do, re, mi, fa, sol, and la, si, and do,*  
First up, and then down, sometimes fast, and then slow.

The janitor too has the musical craze,  
And on the front steps an accordion plays;  
Oh, I'd move right away if I could—would n't you?—  
But my rent is all paid, and so what can I do?



## TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

*Author of "Lady Jane."*

[*Begun in the May number.*]

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

It is not our intention to follow in detail the wanderings and adventures of Philip and Lilybel. Their experiences on the pilgrimage toward the city of their destination would fill too many pages for our purpose.

When Philip went forth on that dreary March night, with Père Josef's "children" and his little bag of treasures, he had formed no plans as to the beginning or continuation of his journey. His first idea was to get away, his second was to get to New Orleans. The first did not seem so difficult, and was soon put into execution; but the latter required some serious consideration, as all roads do not lead to that fair and far city of the South.

In some respects a pedestrian journey has its advantages. One has no difficulty in choosing between sea and land, or in deciding between rival lines of steamers and railroads; but it is very important that one should at least set out on the highway that leads to his destination.

Lilybel had been waiting some time at the corner. He was sniffing with cold and impatience; *he* also carried a bundle, but his bundle did not contain sentimental souvenirs of the past. Philip had not neglected the subsistence department of the expedition; he had given Lilybel money with which to buy provisions, and these provisions were tied up in the bundle, and consisted of bananas, gingerbread, and popped corn; a small tin bucket filled with molasses completed the outfit.

"Well," said Philip, shortly, on seeing him, "are you ready?"

"Yas, Mars' Philip, I 's ready, I 's got ev'ry-ting; but be we 's er-goin' ter stay out all night in der rain an' col'?"

"Yes, we are," returned Philip decidedly; "and we 've got to *walk* to keep warm. Come on, let 's start for the ferry." And without further parley he turned his face toward the river and trotted briskly along, followed by Lilybel, who lagged and sniffed and complained pitifully of the cold.

As soon as Philip had started, he understood that he would be obliged to lead the expedition as well as to supply the moral force; therefore he debated in his mind just what was best to be done. The first thing was to get away from the city—"Or the coppers 'll be arter us," Lilybel said, between his sniffs, "an' we 'll be cotched an' sont back, an' dey 'll put us in der p'lice-station fer runnin' erway, an' we 's 'll never git out."

This possibility really alarmed Philip. In spite of the dreadful unknown before him, he did not wish to be sent back, so he pressed on sturdily toward the ferry. He was neither cold nor wet; his thick little coat shed the rain, and his heart was warm with hope.

When they reached the ferry slip, and Lilybel saw the boat and the dark water of the North River, he hung back, saying stubbornly: "I ain't er-gwine on any steamboat ter New 'Leens. I 's er-gwine ter *walk*, I is."

"But you must cross the ferry first; this is only a ferry. Come on—the boat is about starting. If you don't come, I 'll go without you," returned Philip decidedly.

"I don't wan' ter," sniffed Lilybel, as Philip gave his tickets to the gate-keeper, and at the same time with an energetic push thrust the reluctant little darky into the thickest of the crowd, and so passed on unnoticed in the darkness. When they were once safely on the other side, Philip walked a little slower. He was formulating a plan in his mind. With an intelligence beyond his years, he felt that it



would not be well at first to make such inquiries as would cause any one to suspect his destination. If he was not very discreet, he might furnish a clue that would lead to his being overtaken and sent back. Therefore he determined not to ask for directions which would awaken suspicion. He remembered distinctly two places which he had passed through on his way North with his adopted parents. One was Chattanooga; it was impressed on his mind because they remained there in order to visit Lookout Mountain, the scene of the "Battle in the Clouds." The other was Washington; Mrs. Ainsworth had told him that it was the capital of the country. If they passed through those cities to come to New York, they could go South by the same route. So he decided to begin by inquiring the way to Washington.

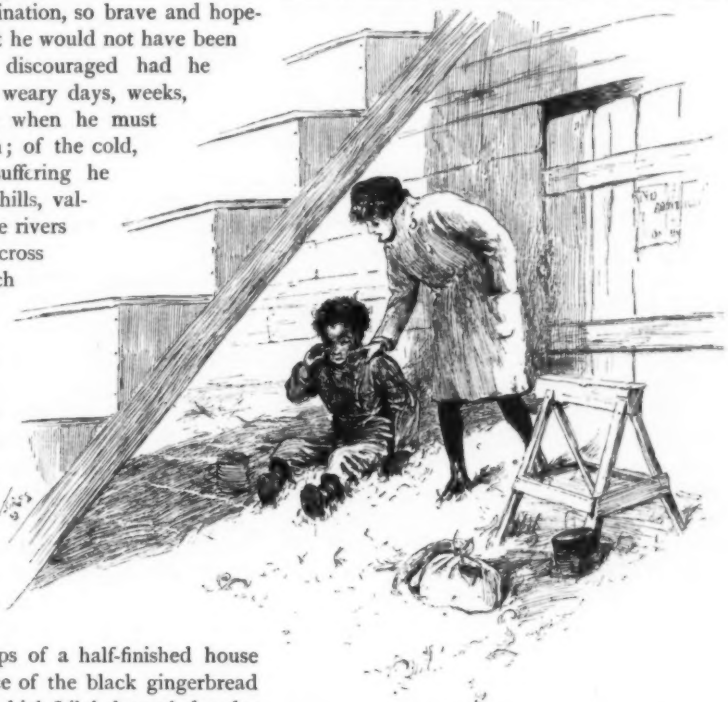
So full of determination, so brave and hopeful was the boy that he would not have been daunted or even discouraged had he known of the long weary days, weeks, and even months, when he must always be toiling on; of the cold, hunger, pain, and suffering he must endure; the hills, valleys, and forests, the rivers and lakes he must cross before he could reach his desired haven.

When the night was half spent, the two little pilgrims found themselves beyond the blare and glare of Jersey City in a quiet, slumbering suburb. Lilybel was exhausted, and declared he could go no farther, so they sat down on the steps of a half-finished house and munched a piece of the black gingerbread and a banana, after which Lilybel crawled under the steps among a pile of shavings, and was soon in the land of dreams, where one is seldom tired, cold, and hungry.

For some time Philip sat in the silence and

looked at the stars. "There 's the Dipper," he said to himself; "Mammy used to show it to me. It 's just as bright here, and just as near, so it can't be far to New Orleans; and there 's the Little Bear—it used to be right over the Pittosporum tree in Mammy's garden. It looks just the same as it did then, and it 's shining there and here at the same time." Sitting alone in the dark, with Père Josef's "children" hugged close to him, he felt that he had seen old friends in the "Dipper" and the "Little Bear"; that he would have their company on his long journey back to his home; he thought the way could not seem so long and dreary while they were shining above him.

After a while he felt cold and his eyes grew heavy with sleep. So he crawled under the steps beside Lilybel, who was in a comfortable nest of shavings, and placing the "children"



"LILYBEL RUBBED HIS EYES AND YAWNED, WHILE PHILIP SHOOK HIM VIGOROUSLY." (SEE PAGE 360.)

between them, and his treasures under his head, he contentedly followed his little companion into the enchanting land of dreams.

At the earliest peep of day Philip was awakened by the scampering of the "children" in the cage. They were up early, and were indulging in a game of *colin-maillard*. Lilybel was still sleeping, and was sure to sleep all day if he was not disturbed.

"Why, Mars' Philip, it ain't time ter git up!" he cried dolorously, rubbing his eyes and yawning, while Philip shook him vigorously.

"Yes, it is; now, hurry and eat your breakfast, and we 'll start right off before any one is about."

Philip gave the "children" a few grains of popped corn, and ate a banana with a very poor appetite, while Lilybel fared sumptuously on a huge piece of gingerbread; then, after making their toilets, which consisted in brushing off the clinging shavings and sawdust, they went on their way—but not rejoicing.

The morning was cold and gray. Philip's head ached and his feet felt like lead, but still he must press on; he must not give up when he had just begun the journey. Later, they stopped at a farm-house to ask for some water. It was breakfast-time, and the kind-hearted mother of a little boy gave them each a hot buttered roll and a cup of steaming coffee. This good fare cheered and encouraged them considerably, and they pressed on in quite a cheerful mood.

All day they walked, Philip resolutely, Lilybel laggingly. When they inquired the way to Washington, some laughed and said: "Keep straight ahead and you 'll get there in a week or so." Others told them they did n't know the way, that it was too far to walk there, and that they had better go by rail, and so on. Philip thanked them all with a gentle smile and trotted on serenely, but the day seemed the longest day that he had ever spent.

When night came on they were near a railroad station on the outskirts of a small village. Philip was very hungry, for he had eaten nothing since morning; but Lilybel had supplied himself by lightening his bundle to such an extent that nothing remained but a handful of popped corn, and for this dry fare Philip had no appetite. When they reached the station a freight-train was pulled up on the track, and it seemed to be waiting for the engine in order

to start. Two men were in the caboose, and as he was about to pass, Philip looked wistfully at them. They were eating supper, and had a pot of coffee between them. The tired boy craved some of the grateful beverage, but he did not like to beg, so he drew out a dime and asked them very politely if they would sell him some.

The men laughed heartily. "Why, my little man, we don't keep a coffee-stand; but I guess we can *give* you some." So they poured out a large tin cup full. It was strong and sweet, but it was not Mocha; yet Philip thought he had never tasted better. He gratefully drank half, and gave the remainder to Lilybel.

The little negro had been regarding the bread and bacon with an eloquent look, which the kind-hearted men appreciated. After the coffee disappeared, each little pilgrim received a generous plate of food, which they devoured eagerly. "Hunger is the best sauce": Philip relished his supper as he never did a meal served on Madam Ainsworth's dainty china by the capable and stately Bassett.

After they had eaten, Philip thanked the men politely, and was about to move on.

"Where are ye goin', little fellows?" asked one,—rough-looking without, but pure gold within.

"We 're going to Washington," replied Philip readily.

"Great Cæsar!—ye are? How yer goin'?"

"We 're going to walk," said Philip, undaunted.

"When do ye expect to git there?"

"Oh, I don't know; to-morrow, perhaps."

"Ha, ha! Well, git in here an' come along with us, and ye will; but if ye walk, it 'll take ye a month, an' yer shoes 'll be all wore out."

Philip and Lilybel scrambled into the caboose with alacrity and delight. The kind occupants gave them a little bunk in the corner, where they slept comfortably; and in the morning they were in Washington, much to their satisfaction.

Philip would have liked to show the kind men the "children," but he was afraid to do so; he was wise enough to know that they would be another means of tracing him. So he could only thank his hospitable hosts very

warmly as he walked away with a much lighter heart.

"See here, Lilybel," he said confidently to his companion, "now we're a good long way from New York, we need n't be in such a hurry. I've got some money, and we'll stay here and rest awhile."

"An' yer can make lots more a-showin' dem little mices," suggested Lilybel. "Did n't I tole yer we'd git lots er lifts on dem trains? I guess now we won't have ter walk no more."

Philip was very hopeful; he quite agreed with Lilybel—everything was going so well. It would be very easy to get home, after all. So they sallied forth to see the city with the confidence and carelessness of a couple of young millionaires out for a holiday.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### MADAM AINSWORTH RECEIVES A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

PHILIP had been gone a month. Mrs. Ainsworth had been very anxious and unhappy, and had certainly done all that she could in the absence of her husband, and in the face of her mother-in-law's constant discouragements. A great many letters had passed between the detective employed and Mr. Ainsworth. The latter, remembering Lilybel's former methods of traveling, thought that the little negro, who had also disappeared, had induced Philip to hide with him on an outward-bound steamer, and that they were doubtless in New Orleans; but communications with the captains of the different steamers, and the police of that city convinced him that the children had not gone by sea, nor had they, as far as he and the detective could learn, returned to their former home.

Madam Ainsworth, who was not at all anxious to have them discovered, was of the opinion that they had never left New York, and she was in daily fear that they would unexpectedly turn up, and that Philip would be forgiven and taken back. However, as weeks passed away, she began to feel easier, and was more than vexed at her daughter-in-law for being anxious and worried about what she termed "unexpected good fortune." They had got rid of the little waif through no fault of

theirs. They had not turned him off; he had gone of his own free will, and they were not in any way responsible for it. She did not see why they should search for him and want him back. If they succeeded in finding him he would probably run away again, and they would have a repetition of all the trouble and expense. There was no doubt but that the boy was something of a vagabond, and as he grew older he would be more unruly and troublesome, therefore they were well rid of him before he should disgrace them.

These were the specious arguments which she used with her daughter-in-law, and with which she quieted her own conscience; for now and then, in spite of her coldness and indifference, she had little twinges which made her very uncomfortable. Suddenly the boy's handsome face would come before her; she would think of his merry laugh, his gentle, kindly ways, and even his little mischievous tricks now made her smile and sigh at the same time. She remembered the day when he pleaded so earnestly for Père Josef's "children," and the touching tone in his voice that had moved her so, and brought back the pain of an old sorrow. And toward the last, just before he went away, he looked ill; sometimes she had noticed a flush on his cheek, and an unnatural brightness in his eyes. Perhaps exposure and want had killed him, and even now his little neglected body might be lying in some unknown grave. These memories and fancies increased day by day. In spite of her satisfaction at his continued absence, the boy interested her, and occupied her thoughts away, more than he had when he was with her.

One morning, when she sat down to her writing-table to open her letters, she saw on the top of the pile a large, strange-looking package addressed to her in an unknown hand.

Her fingers trembled a little as she broke the strong seal, and the first object within the cover that met her eye was a letter that bore her name in writing that she remembered too well—the writing of her son, her Philip, who for ten long years had sent her no missive to break the solemn silence between them. It was like a voice from the grave. With an awed face she opened it, and read the confession of his mar-

riage, the tender passionate appeal to his mother for his wife and child.

Why had this been kept from her for all these years? Who had dared to do it? And a feeling of resentment was mingled with her sorrow and surprise. One after another she unfolded and read the papers: her son's tender little notes to the girl he loved, Père Josef's explanatory letter, and last of all, Toinette's touching confession.

There it all lay before her, the history of these young lives: the joys, the sorrows, the hopes and ambitions, ending in a mournful tragedy, which seemed unreal and almost impossible because of its remoteness. Unknown to her, her son was married a year or more before his death. The swift memory of that awful day, when she was told that he had fallen, wrung her heart with pain. He had been taken away in the flush of youth and love, and his young wife had followed him; but the child, where was the child? They spoke of Philip's child, her grandson, the eldest Ainsworth. Why had they kept him from her all these years? Who had done it? Where was he? and why were these letters sent to her now?

Her mind was in a state of terrible confusion. Again she read Toinette's letter, again Père Josef's, slowly and more carefully. Suddenly, and with awful force, the truth burst upon her. Toinette's Philip! That boy her son had adopted—the little waif, the vagabond, the despised and rejected—was her son's child, *her* grandson! The blood that flowed in his veins was hers—he was her very own, and she had driven him away to ruin, and, perhaps, to death!

It was an awful moment for her. Pride and composure were forgotten; she was very human and weak in her remorse and sorrow. With a cry of distress that brought Mrs. Ainsworth to the room, she threw herself back in her chair and burst into tears.

"What is it? Oh, what has happened?" cried Mrs. Ainsworth in terror; she had never seen the stately old lady weep, and the sight of her sorrow was extremely touching.

"Laura, oh, Laura, how can I ever forgive myself?" she exclaimed, when she saw bending over her the pale, pitying face of her daughter-in-law. "What can we do? How can we find him? That boy, that child whom I have driven away, is Philip's son, my poor Philip's son!"

"What? Who?" interrupted Mrs. Ainsworth wildly. She thought the old lady had suddenly gone insane.



"'WHAT IS IT? OH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?' CRIED MRS. AINSWORTH."

But Madam Ainsworth did not heed the interruption nor the question. "Oh, I am fearfully punished," she went on excitedly. "There are all the certificates, the letters; look at them,

read them. They tell everything, they are as clear as day. See what I have brought upon myself; I was cold, proud, wicked—I would not listen to the pleadings of my heart. I *felt* for that child. I had to struggle with myself *not* to love him. It was the old bitter prejudice, the hatred for what had caused the sorrow of my life. If he had come from any other place on earth I might have done him justice; but I said like those of old, 'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?' and I rejected him, although something told me that there was a tie between us. Oh, I felt it, that day when I was cruel to him, when he pleaded so pitifully for his little pets! It was the very tone of voice, the very expression of my Philip when I used to reprove him for some childish fault. Poor little soul; I pitied him, but I almost broke his heart and my own with my stubborn pride!"

While Madam Ainsworth was pouring out her bitter self-accusations, Mrs. Ainsworth was looking over the letters and papers with a puzzled bewildered air. "Oh," she said at length, "it must be true, he must be Captain Ainsworth's child! Edward felt it when he first saw him. It was the resemblance to his brother that made him love the boy; he told me so then, and, beside, he was so like *our* boy. I was always surprised that you could not see the resemblance"; and Mrs. Ainsworth wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. "But what can we do? How can we find him?" and she looked helplessly at her mother-in-law, who was making a desperate effort to recover her composure.

"I must write to Edward at once, he must leave that business and come to us," replied Madam Ainsworth, decidedly. "What does it matter whether we lose or gain money while Philip's child is drifting about the world exposed to want and sin? Laura, while I am writing to Edward send for that detective. We must give him more money. We must make greater efforts, the child can and must be found! Until I see him again I can never know peace or happiness; my son will reproach me from his grave, and I shall reproach myself as long as I live. There is no time to be lost; we must begin this very moment."

And the ardor and energy with which Madam Ainsworth put her plans into execution

was in striking contrast to her former coldness and indifference.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THEY PRESS ON.

THE two little pilgrims did not remain long in Washington. Lilybel's enormous appetite for sweets, and his fondness for sight-seeing, very soon depleted Philip's pocket-book, which could not be replenished by exhibiting the "children," as the little negro had proposed, for Philip was aware that the little cage of white mice would furnish a certain means of following them, so he kept them carefully covered, and seldom allowed them to be seen. And he decided in the future to avoid large cities,—they offered too many temptations to Lilybel,—and to confine himself to country roads and obscure villages.

So they set forth again, as bright and hopeful as at first, and drifted on, sometimes a wind of chance blowing them in the right direction, sometimes in the wrong; still, they progressed slowly but surely toward their goal. They were not so fortunate in getting "lifts" as Lilybel had predicted, but they seldom suffered for food and shelter. Lilybel's tin bucket, which he clung to through all vicissitudes, usually contained something eatable upon which they could fall back in an emergency. When some generous housewife would furnish them more than they could eat at one meal, the remainder went into the bucket to furnish supplies on a long march from one point of supply to another.

As they went South the weather became milder, and they did not suffer much from cold. Very early in the march, Lilybel and his shoes parted company, which was no hardship to the little ducky, whose feet were as tough as leather and as hard as bone; but Philip, after being daintily shod for so long, when obliged to part with his foot-covering, suffered terribly from blisters and wounds caused by constantly tramping over rough roads. At times, when he found it impossible to take another step, he would sit down disheartened, and declare he could go no farther. Then Lilybel would encourage him by telling him that he "saw er



smoke" or "heard er train," and therefore they must be near a house or a railroad, where they could rest and procure assistance. Then Philip, very pale, and with compressed lips, would struggle up and press on, and if he failed utterly, Lilybel would supplement the exhausted physical force by carrying his companion on his back, with a sturdy determination wonderful in such a mite.

But Philip was very thin and light. In fact, he seemed to *wilt* away day by day, until, as he sometimes said, laughingly, there was nothing of him but clothes, and these, too, were beginning to wilt. A hole here, a rent there, a tatter left on a bush, a scrap jagged off by pushing through a hedge, or climbing a rude fence, told him that soon his garments would be in the condition of Lilybel's.

If Madam Ainsworth could have caught a glimpse of Philip after six weeks of wandering, her old opinion that he was a vagabond would have been fully confirmed by his appearance. But in spite of the hardships endured by the little pilgrims, Père Josef's "children" fared sumptuously every day. They had plenty to eat, they were warm, and well cared for, and, on the whole, preferred swinging along over the road, with occasional glimpses of sunlight and blue skies, to being shut up in a close, dim room. And they were as merry as ever; they played their little games, and performed their sprightly tricks readily, and often and often furnished their small share to the general fund by bringing in coppers and nickels, which Lilybel delighted to collect in his cap, after the manner of itinerant showmen. The farther they went South the more frequent these exhibitions became, until they were rarely without small sums of money; but owing to Lilybel's fondness for luxuries and contempt for essentials, they never could get enough ahead to supply themselves with all necessities. However, they drifted on, laughing one day, and crying the next; overfed at one meal, and hungry for days together; one night cold, with only the skies for a covering, another housed under some hospitable roof.

When Philip asked for shelter and food he was seldom refused. The pretty, gentle little fellow with his droll black companion excited interest in every one; and when some, curious

to know the why of this peculiar partnership, questioned Philip, he would smilingly reply, "Oh, he 's my friend." And that was all the information he would give.

One night darkness overtook them among the mountains of Tennessee. It was in April, but it was keenly cold on the hills. The stars glittered brightly, the air was full of frost, the dry branches and leaves crackled and rustled around them. They were on a mountain road climbing toilsomely up and up, and they did not know just where they were; but they were confident that if they kept to the highway it would lead to some place. At last they could go no farther, and they sat down in the dark quite exhausted. They were cold and hungry, and unfortunately Lilybel's bucket was empty.

After resting for a few moments, they drew some dead leaves and branches together under the shelter of a tree, and with the "children" between them they lay down in their little nest quite contentedly. Scarcely had they composed themselves to sleep when they heard something among the bushes cautiously approaching them, a soft regular tramp, a rustling of leaves, and then a certain slow, measured breathing. Some living thing was very near them.

Lilybel started up in terror, and his eyes gleamed white in the darkness. "Er b'er!—it 's er b'ar!" he cried, scrambling for his life up the tree. "Come quick, come!" he called back to Philip. "Come quick, er he 'll cotch yer an' eat yer."

"I can't; how can I climb a tree with the 'children'? And I won't leave them," replied Philip, resolutely.

"It 's er b'ar fer shore; I done heard him growl," insisted Lilybel.

"Oh, nonsense," said Philip, skeptically; "I 've got a match, and I 'm going to see just what it is."

At that moment a large dark form was visible amid the bushes, and a warm breath swept over the boy's cheek. He struck the match and waited for it to blaze; then he exclaimed joyfully, "It 's a cow—it 's only a cow!"

"Is it er-chawin' gum?" asked Lilybel cautiously; "'ca'se if it 's er-chawin' gum it 's er tame cow, an' I ain't afeard."

"It 's chewing something," said Philip. "Come down, it is n't going to hurt you."

"Not if it 's er *tame* cow," replied Lilybel, coming down more slowly than he went up. "Let 's make er fire so 's I can see, an' I 'll milk her. I knows how ter milk er *tame* cow."

But Philip had no more matches, and they laid down again to wait for morning with the gentle, motherly creature near them. It gave Philip a feeling of safety and comfort, and he would soon have been asleep had not Lilybel begun to whimper with the cold. "I 's 'mos' froze!—I 's 'mos' dade!"

"Here, take my coat," said Philip; "I 'm not very cold."

"No, I won't, Mars' Philip; you 's sick, an' you 's col', too. I won't take yer coat."

Perhaps Lilybel was beginning to understand dimly something of the beauty of unselfishness, for he complained no more, but burrowed deeper into his nest of leaves, and was soon sleeping soundly. Then Philip softly removed his coat (he had a jacket under it), and laid it over the little negro, and tucked it around him gently; after which he nestled down, with his arm around the little cage, and slept a restless, feverish sleep.

When he awoke it was dawn, and he was benumbed with cold; his feet and hands ached pitifully, his head throbbed and whirled, and for a moment he felt that he could not stand

up. But at last, with a great effort, he got upon his feet, and shook off the weakness which was daily gaining on him.

The gentle cow was still near them, and Lilybel was soon drawing into his tin bucket a generous stream of warm milk, of which they drank freely. When they had taken all they



"PHILIP GRIEVED SORELY OVER THE TINY DEAD THING."

wished, the practical little negro filled the bucket for future use.

This grateful beverage refreshed and cheered Philip, and he was about to start forth more hopefully; but to his surprise and distress, when he uncovered the cage of the "children," he found poor little Boule-de-Neige lying stark and dead. She was always more delicate than the others, and in spite of her name, the tender little sprite had succumbed to the cold. It was

the first accident to the "children," and Philip revived it; and after protecting the others as well as he could, the little pilgrims set forth on their wearisome journey with heavy, sorrowful hearts.

(To be continued.)

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AFLOAT.

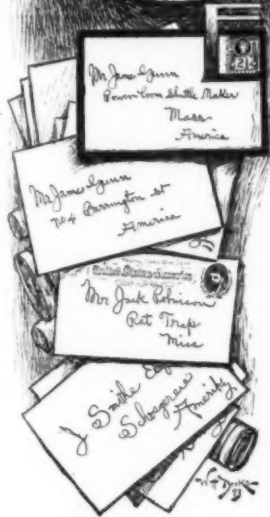
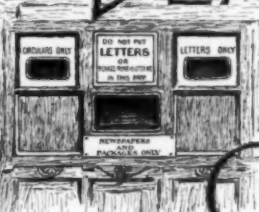
BY LEE CARTER.

SKIPPER Jonathan Gumption Yankee Van  
Was a very kind-hearted and amiable man;  
When his children four,  
Found travel a bore,  
He rigged up a Merry-go-round on his boat.  
It was quite the merriest thing afloat,  
And, like the knights in the tourney of old,  
With little toy swords his children grew bold,  
And speared all the doughnuts his good wife made;  
And these were the prizes—'t was thus they played,  
If how it was done should puzzle your brain,  
Just look at the picture and all will be plain.



# THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

BY PATTI LYLE COLLINS.



EVERYBODY has a good word for the postman. Master and mistress, servants and children, all smile at the man in gray uniform with a leatherbag. He is expected with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun, whether it rains, snows, or shines; and if his ring comes a little tardily, how

Taken in connection with this statement, it will be well to remember that the length of railways in the United States nearly equals that of all other countries taken together, and that we have in operation 68,403 post-offices, and our revenue for the last fiscal year was nearly seventy-six millions.

Think of the wonderful power of organization and executive ability required to manage this immense system! Of course the Postmaster-General is the great head center, and he, with his four assistant postmasters-general and their subordinates, plans, devises, and propels the entire machinery. To indicate its perfection it is only necessary to contrast the comparatively small number of letters and parcels that reach the Dead-letter Office during the year with the millions that are delivered.

they fret and fume! A letter is such a distinctly personal matter: it binds us, though apart, to those we love best; it often holds within its folds the issues of life and death; the most trivial social affairs, the most sacred confidences, the most serious business transactions are in turn confided to this silent messenger. And yet, like most of the choicest blessings of life, we accept it without interest or inquiry as to the method by which it is laid in our hands; we might almost say, without money and without price.

This bureau is probably visited by a greater number of people than any other in the Government departments. It now employs one hundred and seven clerks, while during the first eleven years of its existence, one small book contained a record of all valuable letters that reached it during that period.

An investigation of the Dead-letter Office at Washington affords an admirable idea of our postal system. It has been estimated that during the last year 4,302,789,000 pieces of mail matter were posted in this country—more than in Germany, France, and Austria combined.

The entrance to the main office is through a museum consisting entirely of articles which for various reasons have gone astray and could not be restored to their owners. Since the mailbags have become so elastic as to admit the transportation of almost everything, as well as letters and papers, they have grown to be as patient and long-suffering as camels of the desert, probably expecting that the day is not far distant when people who wish to make a cheap journey will have themselves done up in brown

paper, stamped with a few cents, and piled up beside the letter-box.

The museum contains many curious and interesting things. In one case is a mail-pouch with an ugly slash made by a sharp knife, and stained with blood. The carrier returning from Lochiel, Arizona, July 23, 1885, was killed by Apache Indians, who destroyed the mails, leaving this bag on the ground. In another place may be seen five letters that claim an aristocracy of antiquity, being severally stamped 1821, 1826, 1832, 1835, and 1836.

Among the books is a New Testament in Chinese, a life of Ignatius Loyola in Italian, printed in Venice in 1711, and a French volume which dates back to 1687. Near by is the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four languages, and a certificate of character to an apprentice from his master. The certificate is in German, and was brought to this country a hundred years ago.

There are two miniatures apparently of father and son, painted on ivory, which were found in a blank letter from Boston, December 9, 1882, and many efforts have been made by the department to find the owners, but so far they have proved unavailing. Two other miniatures that have attracted much attention are framed in old-fashioned gold settings which bear upon the reverse sides the inscriptions Lucy Randolph, Obiit April 23, 1782,  $\text{\AA}$  64 years; and Mary Carter, Obiit Jan. 31st 1770,  $\text{\AA}$  34 years.

A crucifix of gold and carnelian on a cushion of velvet in a glass case was found at the close of the war in the Atlanta post-office, and to this day it remains unclaimed. Near it is a sapphire ring set with diamonds, and in close proximity, as if keeping guard over these valuables, is a loaded revolver. The latter was sent addressed to a lady in Indiana; but as she never called for it, it drifted here.

Then, with singular incongruity, but tastefully displayed, upon shelves covered with crimson cloth are to be found a piece of wood from the floor of the room in which Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, was killed; stuffed birds; palmetto-wood; nugget gold; sea-shells; boxes of wedding-cake; false teeth; Easter eggs; bottles of salad-oil, cognac, and perfumes; packages of arsenic and strychnine; an array of bowie-knives; an old English hat-box that looks

as if it had circumnavigated the globe; a coffee-pot; a washboard; samples of barbed-wire fence; a baby cotton-bale; and dolls enough for the children of an entire village. There is a fantastic garment stamped all over with cards, kings, queens, diamonds, spades, hearts, and clubs mingled in brilliant confusion. A coat like this is much prized by the Sandwich Islanders, who send to America to have it manufactured, the possession of one being regarded as a badge of distinction. The bright hues of this one are toned down by the companionship of an exquisite feather fan in black and white with pearl sticks.

Several years since, when the steamship "Oregon" was lost, a portion of her mail was recovered, and among the newspapers were found many dozens of pairs of kid gloves which were being smuggled into this country. A few of these now hang behind the glass doors in the museum as a warning to the dishonest.

The collection of coins would make the eyes of a collector glisten. The patriarch of the tribe is so old—so many hundred years old—that it would be hazardous to state his exact age, but he began somewhere B. C.

Among the curiosities in the museum is a baby Jumbo with one of his sides gorgeously embroidered in the Stars and Stripes, and the other flaunting the Union Jack, the two united by a golden chain. It had drifted thither, and had been for several years ensconced in its glass case, when a postal exhibit was begged from the department for a church fair, and for the first time Jumbo went out for an airing. It so happened that a lady from New Hampshire was visiting Washington at the time, and went to the fair. To the surprise of her friends, she greeted Jumbo as a long-lost friend. Ten years before she had made him and sent him to her daughter in England, who had married a man named Link—hence the design of the two flags linked together. But she did not claim her possession, and so he has never made his journey across the ocean.

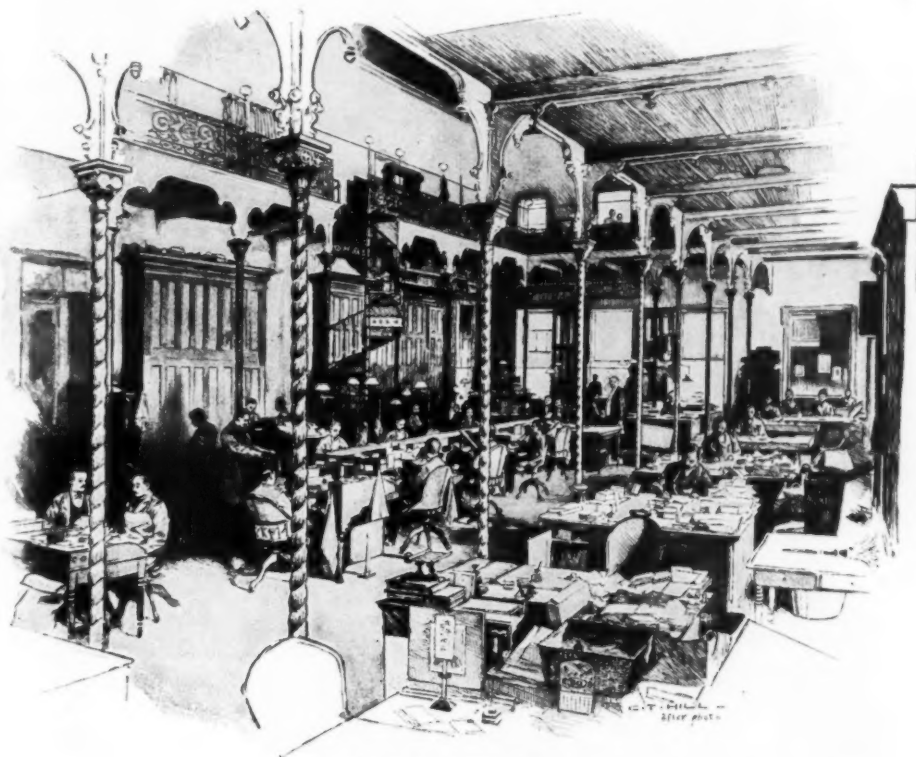
A young lady once sent by mail a ring to a friend; a peculiar moss-agate which she specially valued. It was never received, and its fate remained a mystery for several years, when on a visit to a distant State she was greatly



surprised to find sitting opposite her at breakfast a stranger wearing her lost ring. The ring was so odd that she was sure it was hers. Upon inquiry she found that he had bought the ring at a dead-letter sale.

Besides the money which comes into this office in the ways I have already mentioned,

ter to a city without the street and number. Should these be omitted, to show how small is the chance of its ever being delivered, notwithstanding the intelligence and diligence of the carriers, I can offer no better illustration than the statement that the great city of Chicago alone contains within its own limits fifty-four



INTERIOR OF GENERAL OFFICE.

about \$3000.00 is received annually, called in official language, "loose money." This money is nearly always in coin, and is gathered from the mail-pouches which are hung on cranes to be snatched off by the passing mail-trains, where they do not stop. The concussion is so great that the wrappers or envelopes which contain coin are sometimes broken, with the result that the contents lie loose in the bottom of the bag, and can only be turned over to the hands of Uncle Sam.

In passing, I would say never post a let

Vol. XXI.—47.

post-offices, eight of that number being of the grade including the largest offices.

In addressing a letter to a small place, it would be wise to add the county; and always write the name of the State in full, as writing wrong abbreviations for State names sends tens of thousands of letters astray every year. In short, a visit to the Dead-letter Office, and an examination into its daily work, would almost persuade anybody that the wonder is that we receive by mail half as much as we do; and this surprise is generally followed by the



"FOREIGN ROOM." (SEE PAGE 374.)

admission that considering our carelessness even this half is wholly undeserved.

Leaving the museum, the main office is en-

tered by an iron gateway. Formerly, the general public was allowed to come and go at will, but it is now necessary to be answered for



THE "MINOR DIVISION." (SEE PAGE 373.)



D. F. LEIRHARDT, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

the Postmaster-General. It shows that during the past year 7,320,038 pieces of mail matter were handled. Letters and parcels to the number of 559,839 were delivered unopened to the proper parties; 633,957 foreign pieces were returned to the country of origin; 29,017 letters contained money adding up to \$42,064; while 30,496 containing drafts, checks, or other instruments for the payment of money, to the value of \$2,298,688, were delivered to the owners. The revenue from dead letters and from the auction of unclaimed parcels amounted to \$13,894.42. Magazines, picture cards, pamphlets, etc., which could not be returned, to the number of 15,890 pieces, were given away among the charitable institutions of the District.

There is a class of letters called "live" letters, meaning those that

by some are not dead letters proper, but are such as have been properly addressed, stamped, and forwarded, but remain unclaimed at their destination. The "live" letters of the dead-letter office, however, are those which have been posted with a deficient or illegible address. These average nearly 2000 daily. When they reach the Dead-letter Office, they are put into the hands of experts who supply the proper addresses. These letters are never opened. Many of the errors occur from ignorance, but quite as many from carelessness. There are a few things before which even the experts hang their heads and confess themselves vanquished, such as a superscription like this: "*For my son out West, He drives red oxen and the railroad goes bi thar.*"

On one occasion the Postmaster-General received a letter from a woman living in the south of England, who requested that he would please find her brother who had left the old country thirteen years before,—during which time his relatives had had no news of him,—and deliver a letter which she inclosed, ad-



OFFICE OF MR. W. S. FERRY, CHIEF CLERK.

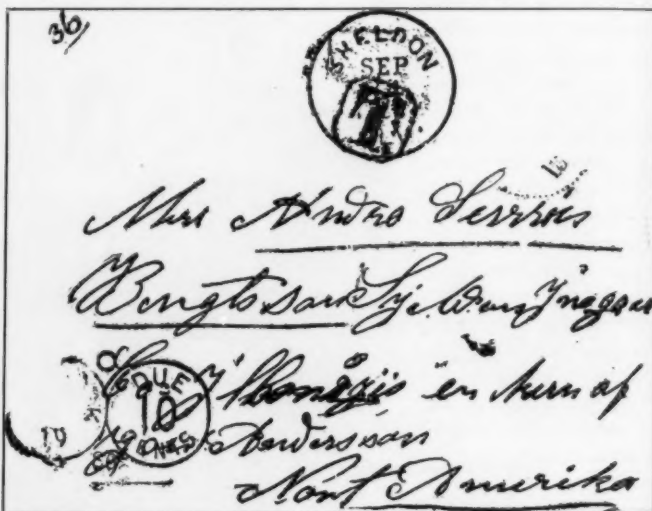


FACSIMILE OF A LETTER RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

dressed thus: "Mr. James Gunn, Power Loom Shuttle-maker, Mass., America." Suffice it to say that Mr. James Gunn was found at No. 4 Barrington street, Lowell, Mass.; and it was a curious sequel to this, that about nine months afterward another letter came to the Dead-letter Office, addressed: "Mr. James Gunn, No. 4 Barrington street, America," this time even the State being omitted; but the delivery of this was an easy matter, and it was also very plain proof that the thirteen years' silence had been broken.

A few days ago a gentleman called at the Dead-letter Office to express his thanks for a letter received by him at Constantinople. It was posted in Boston, and contained a check for \$1000.00. The address upon the letter was, "Dr. Washburn, Roberts College." The deficiency in the address, "Constantinople, Tur-

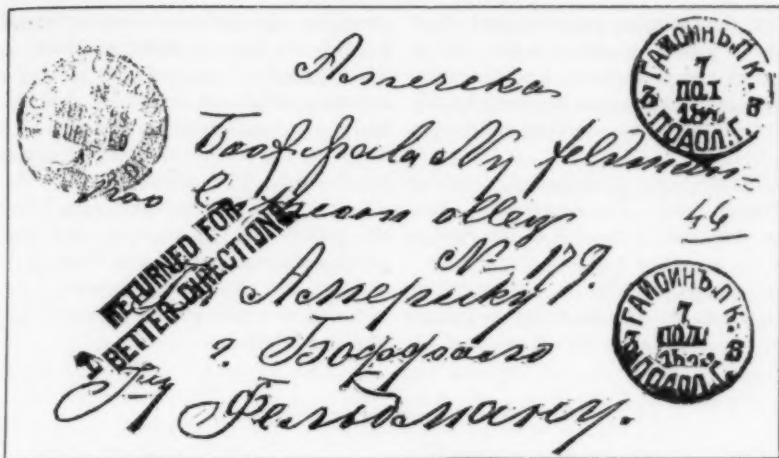
key," had been supplied in this office, and the letter, notwithstanding the time occupied in its journey from Boston to Washington, and the necessary delay there, reached Dr. Washburn



THIS LETTER WAS SENT FROM SWEDEN AND FOUND THE OWNER AT SHELDON, ILLINOIS.

in sixteen days from the time that it was first posted.

Among the curious addresses might be men-

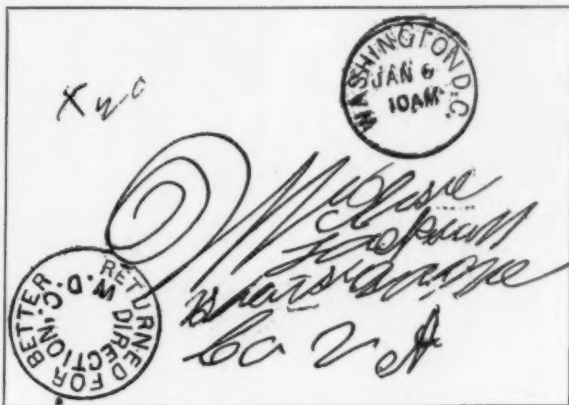


THIS LETTER WAS PROPERLY DELIVERED TO MR. FELDMAN, 179 LUTHERAN (ALLEY?), BUFFALO, N. Y.

tioned one in Greek for Athens, another in Arabic to a missionary in Syria, and such as can be read only by holding them before a mirror. There are thousands written by foreigners in this country, who cannot grapple with "English as She is Wrote," and consequently must spell entirely by sound. Thus, for example, an Italian writes Avergrasson for Havre-de-Grâce; a Hungarian spells New Jersey, Schaszerscie; and a Frenchman abbreviates Rhode Island into Badaland. A not unusual error arises from a certain vague association of ideas; as, a letter plainly addressed Niagara, Pratt Co., Kansas, was intended for Saratoga in that county and State; another addressed Rat Trap, Miss., should have been Fox Trap; and Rising Sun, Colo., was sent to Sunshine. Sometimes a puzzled inquirer invades this particular branch of work, and is eager to learn how the experts can read these puzzles. But the skilled workers guard well the "tricks of the trade," and to all such inquiries reply, "It is our business to know."

Mr. David Paul Leibhardt, who recently resigned his position as superintendent of the Dead-letter Office, was for a term of years its efficient head. During his administration, the strictest business methods were applied to

every detail of the office-work, from which immediate results of the most satisfactory character were obtained.



TO MRS. LUCY JACKSON, SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

In these efforts he was ably seconded by Mr. Waldo G. Perry, the chief clerk, who has been employed in the service for thirty years, and is still an epitome of postal regulations. He is a Vermonter and a Yale man, but above all, a post-office official, and ready at any moment to answer any question pertaining to foreign or domestic mail-matter.

Mr. Leibhardt has now been succeeded by Mr. Bernard Goode.

To the minor division are turned over for treatment all letters containing stamps, receipts,



manuscripts, photographs, passports, and other miscellaneous papers of minor value. As a single item of last year's work, I will mention that 37,735 photographs were received by this division, of which 27,600 were restored to the owners.

All mail-matter sent from foreign countries to the United States, which, for any cause, cannot be delivered, is treated in the foreign division.

In the foreign division is also received matter sent from the United States to foreign countries, found undeliverable there, and re-

turned to the United States for disposition. Records are kept of registered letters, of parcels, of applications made for missing matter of foreign origin, of everything delivered, and finally of all mail-matter returned from foreign countries, the receipt of which is properly acknowledged. The countries with which we thus exchange international postal courtesies are eighty-eight in number, and cover the globe, since many colonies of England, France, and Spain, situated in regions beyond the reach of a regular postal service, are cared for by the mother-countries.



# LITTLE SANTA CLAUS.

BY JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON.

It was Christmas eve. Outside, the moonlight showed a smooth expanse of drifted snow like a great white sea; the sky was another sea of darkest blue, with a magnificent moon afloat in it. It was what folks called "seasonable weather"; and if it made those who looked out at it from their own comfortable homes remember the houseless and the starving, and send out relief to them, I have no fault to find with it.

Inside the big nursery all was quiet, save for a whispering in the farthest corner. Here was stationed the bed of the two small lords of the

nursery—Willie, aged six, and Jamie, four years. It was the elder brother who spoke:

"And just in the middle of the night, Jamie, when we are all asleep, down comes Santa Claus through the chimney, and fills these stockings we have hung up!"

"But he'll burn his feet in the fire," said Jamie, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"Oh, no, the fire would n't burn Santa Claus; and besides, it will be out," said Willie. "See, it's going out already."

The fire gave a last despairing flicker as he spoke, and then dropped into darkness.

"I mean to keep awake and see him," he went on. "I should like so much to thank him for coming. Only think, he has filled my stockings three times already; and last Christmas he filled yours, too, Jamie, only you were too young to know!"

"What do you think he 'll bring?" asked Jamie, in a drowsy tone.

"Oh, everything you would like! There 'll be a ball like my best one, and a horse, and all sorts of lovely things!"

"That 'll be fine," said Jamie; "but—I 'm so sleepy!" Here he went fairly over to sleep.

"Perhaps I should go to sleep, too," said Willie, softly to himself; "I 'll try. One, two, three, four,—no, it 's no use trying; I *can't* go to sleep. I *must* see Santa Claus."

He lay still, staring at the moonlight, which was now flooding the room. At last he could wait no longer; he crept noiselessly out of bed, and stole to the window. He lifted a corner of the blind, and looked out. Earth and sky lay clear and bare before him—there was no sign of Santa Claus either above or below. And it was late, very late. Poor Willie's ardor felt a sudden chill—could Santa Claus possibly have forgotten to come to-night? How disappointed little Jamie would be after all the fine promises he had been making to him! Oh,

dear! Willie's heart swelled, and a lump came into his throat; perhaps little Jamie would never believe him or care for him again. Then a sudden inspiration flashed across his brain; the little brother, at least, should not be disappointed. He clambered up to the shelf where his own most cherished playthings were kept—his best toys, that were brought out only on special occasions.

With his arms piled full of these, he came down again, and crossed the room to the dark fireplace, where hung the two little stockings. He carefully inserted his treasures, one by one, into his brother's stocking; then he crept back into bed beside little Jamie, and finally fell asleep with a light heart.

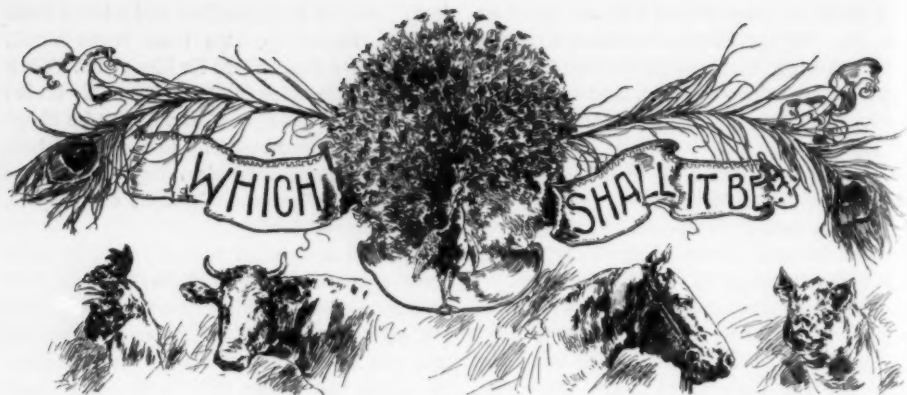
Morning dawned at length. The red winter sun looked in on the two little brothers and woke them.

"I must look at my stocking," said Jamie, clambering over Willie, who lay still and seemingly unconcerned. "Aren't you coming to see yours, Willie? Why, I declare we have each *two* stockings filled!"

And sure enough, when Willie came bounding over to the fireside, there were four full stockings hanging up; and one of his had a card pinned to it, on which was written, "For little Santa Claus!"

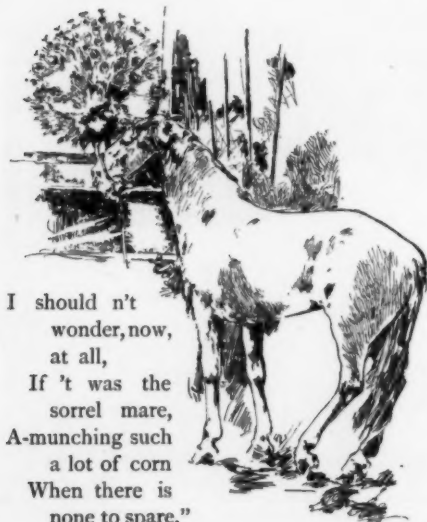


"HE LAY STILL, STARING AT THE MOONLIGHT, WHICH WAS NOW FLOODING THE ROOM."



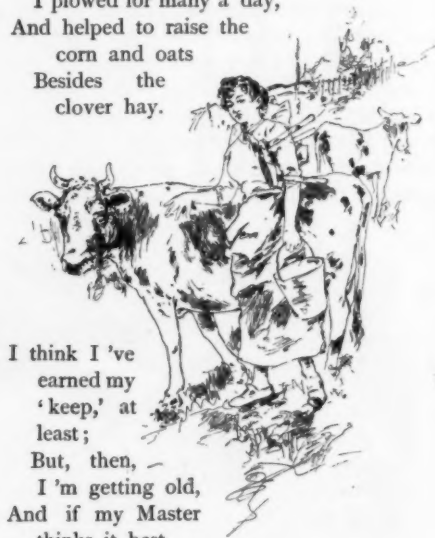
"Good morrow, friends," the peafowl cried,  
And spread his feathers gay;  
"There 'll be a change here very soon —  
I heard the Master say:  
'It takes too much to feed the stock,  
This weather is so cold;  
I must look over them at once  
And choose one to be sold.'

"Those are the very words he said  
To John his son; and so  
I came to break the news at once,  
For one of you must go.



I should n't  
wonder, now,  
at all,  
If 't was the  
sorrel mare,  
A-munching such  
a lot of corn  
When there is  
none to spare."

Poor Polly raised her gentle head  
And gave a whinny low:  
"Well, if my Master wishes it,  
I s'pose I 'll have to go.  
But as for what I eat, I 'm sure  
I plowed for many a day,  
And helped to raise the  
corn and oats  
Besides the  
clover hay.



I think I 've  
earned my  
'keep,' at  
least;  
But, then,  
I 'm getting old,  
And if my Master  
thinks it best  
I 'm willing to be sold."

"Well, well, perhaps 't will not be you,  
So don't take on so, Poll;  
It may have been the brindle cow  
He meant, now, after all;  
She can't be greatly prized, I 'm sure,  
A-roaming through the dell;

I think 't was she the Master meant  
That he would have to sell."

But Sukey slowly shook her head  
And whisked her slender tail:

"I know I 'm of *some* use," she said,—

"To fill the milking-pail.

And Betty Green, the milkmaid, says

I 'm worth my weight in gold;

I hardly think the Master meant

That *I* was to be sold."

"Oh, well, perhaps it may have been

Dame Grumph, the spotted sow;

Although she 's small, she eats as much  
As any horse or cow.

Then, too, she has a lot of pigs,

A dozen or a score,

To squabble round the drinking-trough

And squeal and squeal for more."

"Umph, umph! Indeed!" quoth Madam  
Grumph,

"You 're getting very bold,

To say my piggywigs and I

Are going to be sold.

But handsome is as handsome does,

And though you look so gay,

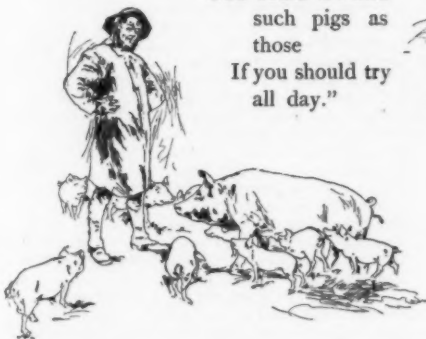
You could n't find

such pigs as

those

If you should try

all day."



"There, there, Dame Grumph! keep cool,  
pray do! —

It may n't be you, you know;

Why, there 's that useless Chanticleer

Does nothing else but crow;

I should n't wonder, now, 'if he

Should go instead of you—"

"You should n't,  
hey? I thank  
you, sir,—  
Cock-a-doodle-  
do! —

But here is Master

coming now;

I think we 'll

soon be told

Which one of all

this company

Is going to be

sold."



The Master came. He fed the mare

And called her "pretty Poll."

He patted Sukey's neck, and threw

Some hay into her stall.

He gave some corn to Madam Grumph,

And some to Chanticleer.

Then turning to his son he spoke

In tones that all could hear:



"Go catch that silly peafowl, John,

That 's idly strutting there;

Of all the creatures on the place

'T is he we best can spare."

So Polly munched her feed of corn,

And Sukey munched her hay;

Dame Grumph and her pigs began

To breakfast right away;

And as the lordly Chanticleer

Went scratching in the loam,

He chuckled softly to himself:

"Some Folks should look at home."

*Helen Whitney Clark.*



# Through the Scissors.

## TONGUE-TWISTERS.

READ the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly several times in succession :

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.

The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller, lower roller.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig-whip.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop, welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'T is all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.—*Selected.*

## A PAGE FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

AT night the weary old doctor sat down and noted, as usual, the condition of his patients :

The ragman — Picking up.

The editor — Rapidly declining.

The dentist — May pull through.

The postmaster — Must go.

The deaf-mute — Still complaining.

The painter — More bad signs.

The miser — Barely living.

The major — Rallying.

The cashier — Gone.

The actor — On the last stage.

The butcher — Less fat on bones.

The cobbler — Mending.

The jail prisoner — Will soon be out.

The lawyer — Speechless.

The two grocers — On the verge of dissolution.

The musician — Toning up.

The carpenter — Improving.

Jones's boy — Bad and growing worse.

The barber — Saved by a close shave.

The banker — Failing.

The bootmaker — Will not last long.

The pugilist — Striking improvement.—*Exchange.*

## LEFT-HAND WRITING.

THE number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth.

Sir Edwin Arnold stated that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands; and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the mikado.

## A GLORIOUS RIVER.

THE St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes. No other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow, and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only things that affect its mighty flow. Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such, however, is the case.

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary, and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.—*Nature's Realm.*

## A MUCH-ROBBED STAGE-COACH.

THERE is to-day in Phoenix, Arizona, a stage-coach that has been held up and robbed oftener than any other in existence. It has seen its best days, and now stands dismantled and dilapidated in the back yard of a livery-stable; but could it talk, many are the tales it could tell of brigandage that would put the exploits of Claude Duval in the shade.

It began running, in the seventies, between Prescott and Tombstone, and has actually been robbed eighty-three times. Eight drivers and as many express messengers have been killed from its box, and, as passengers in those days went armed to defend themselves and property, not a few deaths have occurred among them and the brigands. It was originally a handsome Concord coach, pulled by eight mules, and cost \$1800 at Tucson; but its sides are now split by rifle and pistol bullets, and in more than one place the leather lining shows the wild stroke of a bowie-knife.—*Los Angeles Herald.*



There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the type-writer, but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue.

It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and though after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.—*Boston Globe*.

#### LONG DAYS.

THE longest day of the year at Spitzbergen is three and one half months. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without intermission. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 is twenty-two hours long, and Christmas has less than three hours of daylight. At St. Petersburg the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest is five hours. At London the longest day is sixteen and one half hours; at Montreal it is sixteen hours, and at New York it is about fifteen hours.—*Exchange*.

#### HISTORY OF A NAME.

THE way in which rivers, hills, and localities throughout the land came by the names they bear is a subject of wide and varied interest. The Picket Wire River in Colorado got its name by a singular process of free translation through two languages. Many years ago a number of Mexicans started up the river gold-hunting. They never returned, and their friends came to call the river "El Rio de los Animas Perdidos" (The River of Lost Souls). Sometime after, a French colony settled on the banks of the river, and the name was freely translated into "Le Purgatoire." Later, along came the American cow-boy, and in his large, off-hand way of rounding out difficulties, he smoothed down the foreign twist of the French word, and dubbed the stream "The Picket Wire River."—*N. Y. Sun*.

#### LEARNING MUSIC.

THE schools of Bath, Maine, have a practical way of making pupils feel the rhythm of their songs. A pendulum ball is hung so as to swing before the blackboard, and a perpendicular line is drawn through the middle of the arc made by the ball's motion. Time is marked with great precision by the passing of the ball across this line.—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

#### THE NAIL'S GROWTH.

THE growth of the average finger-nail is an inch and a half per year, or about one thirty-second of an inch per week.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

#### WHAT AN ELEPHANT EATS DAILY.

PROFESSOR Hermann Reiche, of animal fame, was asked by an *Evening Sun* reporter which was the most expensive animal to feed.

"Elephants," he answered. "This is what one is fed on daily: One truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of turnips, one bushel of chaff and one half bushel of bran mixed, ten pounds of warm mash, one bundle of straw for bedding, which is invariably eaten before morning, and thirty-six pails of water.

#### TOO SMALL FOR ITS GUN.

THE rulers of the miniature Republic of Andorra decided recently that the country should possess a cannon. Krupp, therefore, was ordered to manufacture one of the most modern type. The great gun arrived at its mountain destination a short time ago and was placed on the highest point in the "country," so that the citizens could see that the valley was well protected. A day was appointed to try the cannon, which was able to send a ball eighteen kilometers.

Just as the two artillerymen of Andorra were ready to fire, it occurred to one of the prudent citizens that the shot might cause some trouble. The territory of the Republic of Andorra does not extend over more than six kilometers. To direct the shot, therefore, toward the surrounding mountains would be the same as firing at France or Spain, as the ball would necessarily fall on the territory of one of these countries. A war might be the result. It was then decided to shoot the ball in the air, but some one suggested that it would endanger the lives of too many people in its descent, and possibly bore a great hole in the Republic of Andorra. Good counsel prevailed, and the two artillerymen were commanded to unload the gun.

The shot has not yet been fired, and the good republicans are uncertain what to do with the expensive gun.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

#### IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and had a friend  
Who called, a pleasant hour to spend,  
I'd be polite enough to say:  
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you.

If I were you and went to school,  
I'd never break the smallest rule;  
And it should be my teacher's joy  
To say she had no better boy.  
And 't would be true  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd always tell  
The truth, no matter what befell;  
For two things only I despise:  
A coward heart and telling lies.  
And you would, too,  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd try my best  
To do the things I here suggest.  
Though since I am no one but me  
I cannot very well, you see,  
Know what I'd do  
If I were you.

—Nannie F. MacLean, in *N. Y. Independent*.

#### ABOUT SHIPS.

ONE thousand ships annually cross the Atlantic ocean.

The steamers between Europe and North America carry on an average about 70,000 passengers a month.

"Lloyd's Register" says that in the fifteen years ending 1880, 1403 ships were missing and never again heard of; 2753 were sunk by collision; 2903 were burned; 17,502 were stranded; 8026 were water-logged or otherwise lost—a total loss in fifteen years of 32,587 vessels, or over 2000 a year.—*Selected*.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WE are obliged to Miss Clarissa S. Wilson, the great-granddaughter of "Betsey Ross," maker of the first American flag, for the following corrections of two slight inaccuracies in the article upon the origin of "The Stars and Stripes," published in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1893.

Mrs. Ross was not a milliner, but an upholsterer; and she was the fifth (not eighth) child of Samuel Griscom.

R. V. McL.—Dr. Charles A. Eastman, author of "Recollections of the Wild Life," was born a Sioux Indian, and was graduated at Dartmouth College, afterward practising medicine. A few years ago he married Elaine Goodale, the well-known poet,—whose first poems, by the way, were printed in this magazine.

Many of our older readers will recall with pleasure the "Poems by Two Little American Girls," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, contributions from Elaine and Dora Goodale.

Here is a letter from a young girl who thinks nothing of walking ten miles in an afternoon:

SCHANDAU, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine comes to me regularly here in Europe, and I thought you might like to hear about this pretty little summer-resort of the Germans, twenty-five miles from Dresden, on the river Elbe. There are many beautiful walks all through the mountains. I took one the other day to a place called the Kuhstal, meaning "cow-stable"; it is so called because in olden times the peasants used to drive their cattle under it for safety in time of war. It is a five-mile walk there, and we stopped on the way at a little restaurant perched on a high rock. We had a glass of Müncher beer, and a cup of bouillon with the yolk of an egg in it. There was a clear trout-stream right in front of us. We then continued our walk, and reached the Kuhstal at five o'clock in the afternoon. There we found another restaurant and a band of music. It was a Hungarian band, composed of three men and three women. We dropped a small coin in the cup they passed to us; it was only ten pfennig (two cents), but that is the usual fee. The Kuhstal is a large rock with an arch under it; we walked under the arch, and had a beautiful view of the mountains. Going down, we met people on horse-back coming up. Papa and I arrived at Schandau at seven o'clock in the evening, having walked ten miles that afternoon. We found our little tea-table all ready for us, under the trees in the garden, and we did full justice to our supper. It says in Baedeker that the Kuhstal is twenty feet high; but Papa says it must be at least fifty feet.

Your faithful reader,

ADELAIDE T. M.—

ROSEVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy about nine and a half years old. I have a brother and sister.

A boy larger than I am gave us a firefly elator, or *Pyrophorus noctilucus*, a sort of beetle. He comes from Brazil, and lives on sugar-cane. He lives in the marshes. We put him in a box with holes in the top, and some sugar-cane in the corner, and sponges around that. Then we put him in the corner, and laid a soft, wet sponge on top of him, for him to burrow in. He drinks the water out of the sponge. At night we put him in a basin of water, and he made a circle of green light around him. One night he lit up the whole basin with his beautiful light. He has two places back of his eyes, and one place under his body, that make light at night. If you hold him by his sides and move him along the line, you can read the finest print. If you have five or six in a bottle, you can write by their light. Good-by.

W. F. V.—

There are, besides, fireflies, glow-worms,—and many other light-giving creatures. Who can send us a list of some?

A Spanish boy sends this summery letter. He need make no apology for so well-written a description. Few American nine-year-oldsters could do better—if as well!

BARCELONA, SPAIN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old. I was born in Spain, in a small town called Malgrat, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. The house we live in during the summer is the only one in the town which has a garden around it. The other houses have their gardens behind them. When we go in our garden there is a nice perfume, because there are so many flowers. We also have fruit-trees—pears, peaches, nectarines, plums, and pomegranates.

To go up to the piazza, there are marble steps. Instead of a railing there are flower-pots with rose-bushes, geraniums, gardenias, fuchsias, etc. From the terrace, at the top of the house, we see a beautiful sight—the sea and many little boats to the east, and to the west a range of mountains. On top of one of the mountains are the ruins of a castle. The people say that Moors used to live there, but it is not true; it was a feudal castle. On the beach there are half ships; sailors live in some of them, in others they put their oars, also other things.

I hope you will excuse my mistakes, for I am Spanish and know only a little English, because dear Grandpa was an American. One of your readers,

RAIMUNDO C. A.—

STREATHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family since '74. My father used to be assistant editor in your office, and since his death you have been kind enough to send me ST. NICHOLAS each month, for which I thank you very much. I always seize the volume whenever it comes, and feast upon it in my playtime. I thought "The White Cave" was a splendid story, and so is "Toinette's Philip."

I go to Dulwich College, one of the biggest public schools in England; there are eight hundred or more boys. I am thirteen years old, and go by train to school

every morning. It has a very large playground, also a laboratory, a workshop, a gymnasium, a swimming-bath, a brass band, an orchestra, a choir, a rifle corps, and some five-courts. The founder was Edward Alleyn, and the present head master is Mr. A. H. Gilkes.

There are boys at school here from all parts of the world; in my class there is one from the West Indies.

I do not want to impose on your good nature by giving you a long epistle, so I will end up here with my heartiest good wishes for ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant reader, E. S. T.—

As a variety, after the German, Spanish, and English letters, here is a greeting from the "Sunrise Kingdom." Notice what the writer says about America being a land of wonders to a boy familiar with Japan.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since '90, and like you as much as ever.

I have spent all my life of twelve years in Japan, excepting one year, from the spring of '89 to the spring of '90, when my parents and all members of our family were in America. As myself and sisters and brothers were all born in Japan, America was a veritable wonderland to us, and I need not add that we enjoyed it much. We are now living in Tokio, the capital of the Japanese empire, and the summers get very hot in this latitude—so hot that foreigners find it necessary, in order to keep in good health, to go away to the mountains during August at least. The natives, of course, get along better, although as many of them as can do so escape to the mountains, too, for a while. Last summer we went to a place called Gotenba, which is about seventy miles from Tokio, and thirteen from the base of Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan, which was in full view from the Japanese house in which we lived. I amused myself while in Gotenba chiefly in collecting butterflies, bugs—in fact, almost every living thing I came across, including snakes, frogs, and toads. I think the toads of Japan would amuse the readers of ST. NICHOLAS very much. They are far more dignified, I judge, than those found in America. They have a way of walking along paths, or across verandas, or wherever their business or pleasure takes them, in a staid fashion, giving no sign of any excitement whatever. Once, this summer, I caught a toad with two young ones, one of them much larger than the other, and put them in a pen with another large toad. They all jumped over the fence, excepting the smaller of the two young ones, and got off, and I let the young one go. It seemed a little hard to keep him there alone. Afterward I found these same toads at the same place where I caught them before. I left them there for some time, and then the smallest of them died. After that I made a cart with a yoke, and hitched up the two remaining toads. They walked off with the cart easily, like a well-trained team.

I caught quite a large number of insects and several snakes to add to my collection, during our stay in Gotenba. With all good wishes, I remain your friend,  
CARL W. B.—

The following letter has no date, but we join none the less heartily in wishing for the athletic brother's safety:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little German girl, and I have not been long in this country. My mama is an American lady, and that is why I have an American name. I was very sorry to leave my dear Fatherland,

but I like America very much, because it has ST. NICHOLAS. I do hope I shall see this letter printed. I am nine years old, and I have a brother ten years old, who plays foot-ball. I hope he will not get hurt; do not you?

Affectionately your little friend, RUTHIE G.—

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are as fond of spelling-matches as I was and am, I think they might derive some benefit and pleasure by reading aloud for dictation and writing, as one would at school, without too much deliberation, the following sentence, which was given me some time ago, with, I am sorry to say, a rather bad result; and I am quite sure they will be surprised, as I was and have been, to find that words so commonly used should be so commonly misspelled:

"It would be difficult to conceive a more embarrassing and unparalleled case than an harassed peddler trying to gauge a peeled pear with a symmetrical poniard."

J. B. C.—

We have seen a longer sentence containing these words and others—two of the new hard words were "sibyl" and "ecstasy." Who can send it all?

NYACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been sent to me for a long time, and I send you a story that my father told me.

Mr. Johnson was sitting at his desk when an Irishman entered and said:

"I have a spot on my trousers, and would like to know if you have any ammonia in the office."

"Yes; we have some in the back part of the office, but it is not labeled."

"Well, how shall I know which is it?"

"Oh, well, you can smell it," said Mr. Johnson, not noticing what he said.

So off went the Irishman, and in a little while Mr. Johnson heard a very loud "Ouch!" and the Irishman came in and said:

"Sure, it's that bottle has the powerful draft!"

Sincerely yours, KATHARINE W.—

DEDHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of twelve years. My name is Lillian H—. I want to tell you of a little story I saw the other day:

Our neighbor's cow, "Monkey," is generally pastured in the back part of his land. She is very fond of a striped cat named "Tiger." One day Tiger was in the pasture, with Monkey, catching grasshoppers. Suddenly two little dogs came rushing upon poor Tiger. She gave an indignant spit at them, and was just starting to run away when Monkey saw the dogs and rushed at them with lowered head. The dogs ran yelping away, and the cat was saved. The dogs would certainly have caught her if it had not been for the cow, because there were no trees near by for her to run up, and the dogs were too close upon her to escape. It really does seem as if Monkey ran at the dogs to save Tiger, of whom she was so fond. Your loving reader, LILLIAN H—.

Now, don't the names make that rather a puzzling, menagerie sort of letter? A cow, Monkey, saves a cat, Tiger, who was catching grasshoppers, from two dogs—could their names have been Rhinoceros and Giraffe?

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Tacoma, so I thought I would write to you. In the summer we go to Misqually, where we live in a log-cabin on the prairies. One night we heard something scratching on the door. Then the horse began to kick and the rabbit was almost scared to death.

The boys went out the back door and found it was a cougar. It ran all along the table we ate on, into the woods. Misqually is about eighteen miles from Tacoma. I send you a photograph of the "Olive Bank" that my sister took—one of the largest sailing-ships in the world. She is built of steel, is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, and has four masts. She has just come to Tacoma, and is going to take four thousand long tons of wheat to England. There are about fifty ships come here every year for wheat, and from my window I can see them loading.

Very sincerely,

FLORENCE H.—

Misqually is a strange name for a town; but as a name for some little girls—well, perhaps we'd better turn to the next letter:

ATHENA, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are quite a good many Indians around here, for there is a reservation near here. Among them is a chief whose Indian name, "Sis-moc-nu," means in English, "No Shirt." There is another called "Charlie Billy," and he is a little deaf; he often comes to see us. He most always has so many dogs with him. Charlie Billy's Indian name means "Long Claws." My father is the agent here for the Union Pacific, and we live in the station.

I am taking lessons on the piano and like it very much. I will have to close now.

Your interested reader,

GRACE V. B.—

ELBERON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and always look forward with pleasure to receive my St. NICHOLAS. We have a piazza all around our house, with thick honeysuckles climbing about it, in which three little birds made their nests; one of them was a robin's nest. One day, early in the morning, we saw the mother robin and her three little ones standing on the edge of the nest, ready for their first flight. Two of the birds flew with their mother, but the third one was too weak to fly, so it stayed in the nest until the afternoon. Then, thinking it was strong enough, the little robin tried its wings, and flew into the road. My governess caught him and brought him into the house. Papa took the nest down, in which we placed him; we kept him two days and tried to feed him, but he would not eat, so we put him on the lawn, where he called for his mother; but, although near, she did not pay any attention to her poor little bird, and we thought he would starve, but a young sparrow took pity on him and fed him, so he got along very nicely.

From time to time he comes back and sits on the piazza or hedge, and once he allowed us to catch him. We all said good-by to him, and let him fly.

Your devoted little reader, WILFRID A. O.—

A careful reading of the above letter (which we print just as it was written) will show how useful pronouns are. And it also shows the young writer is a good observer and states facts clearly.

These two letters are from a brother and sister living in Bath, England:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are three of us—my brother Dick, Mildred, and myself, and we have taken you for about five years. I think you one of the best magazines out. As my brother is telling you about our beautiful old city, I think I shall write of our summer holidays. We have just returned from spending a month at Ilfracombe, a seaside place in North Devon, and we enjoyed our visit very much. We are very familiar with the little town, for we have been there every August for the last ten years.

One lovely morning, six of us started to go to Clovelly, a charming little village also on the Devonshire coast, but just as we were prepared to go on the steamer we were told that they had already as many passengers as she was able to carry. We were, of course, rather disappointed, but decided to try again the following day, and this time were successful. We had a very jolly day, the only thing against us being the heat: it was simply scorching. On landing, which was accomplished in small boats, as there is no pier, we had lunch at the "New Inn," though the name is by no means appropriate now. The walls of the little dining-room were quite covered with bits of curious old china, which we were told was very valuable.

We next started to see the church, which is very old; we had a lovely walk, partly through the grounds of Clovelly Court, and then, after examining the church and quaint old cemetery, we drove through the famous "Hobby Drive." This road was blasted from the side of a cliff years ago, and has earned its name, as the building of it was the hobby of the gentleman who then owned Clovelly. I fear my letter will soon be too long to print, so I must conclude with love, and hoping you will let it appear in St. NICHOLAS.

Your affectionate reader,

DOROTHY K.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for five years, and like you very much. We live at Bath, in England. It is a very old town; there are a number of old Roman baths and remains. A lot of invalids suffering from rheumatism, gout, etc., come here to drink and bathe in the mineral water which comes up boiling from the ground. Every year we have a very large horse-show here. There are a lot of horses, and they have to jump over banks, poles, fences, gates, and water.

On the marriage of the Duke of York, the town, where I go to school, was lit up in the evening; there was a water carnival; all the boats were lit up with fairy lamps in all kinds of devices. During my holidays I ride a little pony; I am very fond of it. There is a very old mansion here, where Queen Elizabeth used to stay, and also a beautiful old abbey.

I am your loving reader,

R. W. K.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marjorie M., Catherine E., Mabel R. H., B., Anna M. S., Henrietta B. L., Otto W. J., Helen S. J., C. L. A., Clare A., J. M., Genevieve S., "Aunt Cloe," Louise B., Madeline C. R., Dorothy R., Agnes S., Charles D. R., Mary B. H., D. F., Bertha S. and Rosebud F. M., Lewis F. H., Clarence S., Sarah F. W., Alma R., Eunice E. B., Grace M. S., Mabel W., Marion F., Pauline B. W.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA. "The Clermont." 1. Tagus. 2. Hoang-ho. 3. Euphrates. 4. Congo. 5. Lena. 6. Elbe. 7. Rhone. 8. Mekong. 9. Obi. 10. Nile. 11. Tiber.

DOUBLE OCTAGONS. ACROSS: 1. Leg. 2. Liars. 3. Angel. 4. Delay. 5. Net.

PI. Proud Winter cometh like a warrior bold!  
His icy lances flashing in the light,  
His shield the night, starred bright with glittering gold,  
His mail the silver frost-work, dazzling, bright!  
He turns his stern face to the north, and waits  
To hear his wind-steeds burst from heaven's gates.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Vincent Crummles; finals, Ninetta Crummles. Cross-words: 1. Vicarious. 2. Include. 3. Natal. 4. Cataclysm. 5. Emblem. 6. Nylgau. 7. Tartar. 8. Catholic. 9. Romola. 10. Untaught. 11. Motet. 12. Maggie. 13. Loosen. 14. Ennui. 15. Sermon.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oaths. 2. Agree. 3. Train. 4. Heirs. 5. Sense. II. 1. Acerb. 2. Cavi. 3. Evade. 4. Ridge. 5. Bleed.

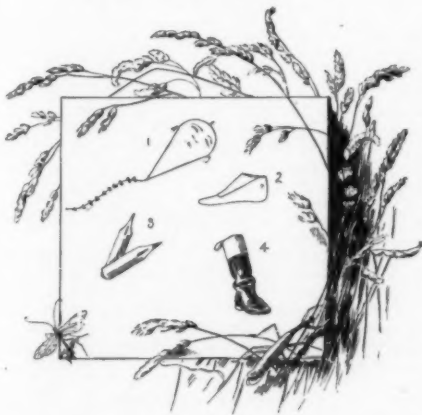
C. B. S. AND OTHERS: Any one, whether a regular subscriber or not, is at liberty to send puzzles to the Riddle-box. Those that cannot be used will be returned, if a stamp is inclosed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Alice Mildred Blake and Co.—"The Wise Five"—"M. McG."—Josephine Sherwood—Maude E. Palmer—Isabel, Mama, and Jamie—L. O. E.—E. M. G.—"Uncle Mung"—Jo and Ida—C. Thallon—"Midwood"—Helen C. McCleary—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—Maud and Dudley Banks—E. Kellogg Trowbridge—"Seul Choix"—"No Name, E. 67th St.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Elaine S., 1—Paul Reese, 10—"H. M. Myself," 7—Grace Isabel, 1—N. A. Kellogg, 1—Florence Cowles, 1—James R. J. Kindelon, 1—"Daisy and Dan," 1—Carrie Chester, 1—Will Turner, 2—"Alaine," 1—Estelle Grace C., 1—E. R. Wainwright, 1—Clara L., 2—Jacob Schmitt, 1—Mary Lewis, 2—"Amillius Paulus," 1—Ira F. Wildey, 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 8—Mama, Sadie, and Jamie, 9—G. B. Dyer, 10—Helen C. Bennett, 4—Hortense E. W., 4—"Whahah," 5—Hubert L. Bingay, 8—Alma Rosenberg, 5—Adele Clark, 1—Willie Buxby, 5—Isabelle R. McCurdy, 3—Blanche and Fred, 11—Bessie R. Crocker, 10—"Peggy," 1—Elmo Barras and helpers, 3—"Jefferson Place," 7—Bessie W., 6—Chester B. Sumner, 11—Anna R. Stiles, 1—Harry and Helen, 9—B. M. Strahan, 3—Margaret A. Bronner, 1.

## ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous German writer, who, during the eighty years of his life, is said to have never traveled more than seven miles from his native city.

## A CIVIC PUZZLE.

WHEN the following cities have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initial letters will spell a name by which London is sometimes called.

1. A city of New Jersey.
2. A city of the West Indies.
3. A city of Illinois.
4. A city of Ohio.
5. A city of Iowa.
6. A city of New York.
7. A city of Michigan.
8. A city of New York.
9. A city of Italy.
10. A city of Tennessee.
11. A city of Greece.
12. A city of Massachusetts.
13. A city of Ohio.
14. A city of California.

## CHARADE.

MY first, though only half, is yet the same as middle;  
My second 's always "good," and "she," though why 's  
a riddle;

My third is always "he" and sometimes very bad;  
My whole, though often small, is elegantly clad;  
The smallest of its kind, it 's something very breezy,  
And when you find it out, you 'll say, "I know—it 's  
easy!"

T. J.

## WORD-SQUARES.

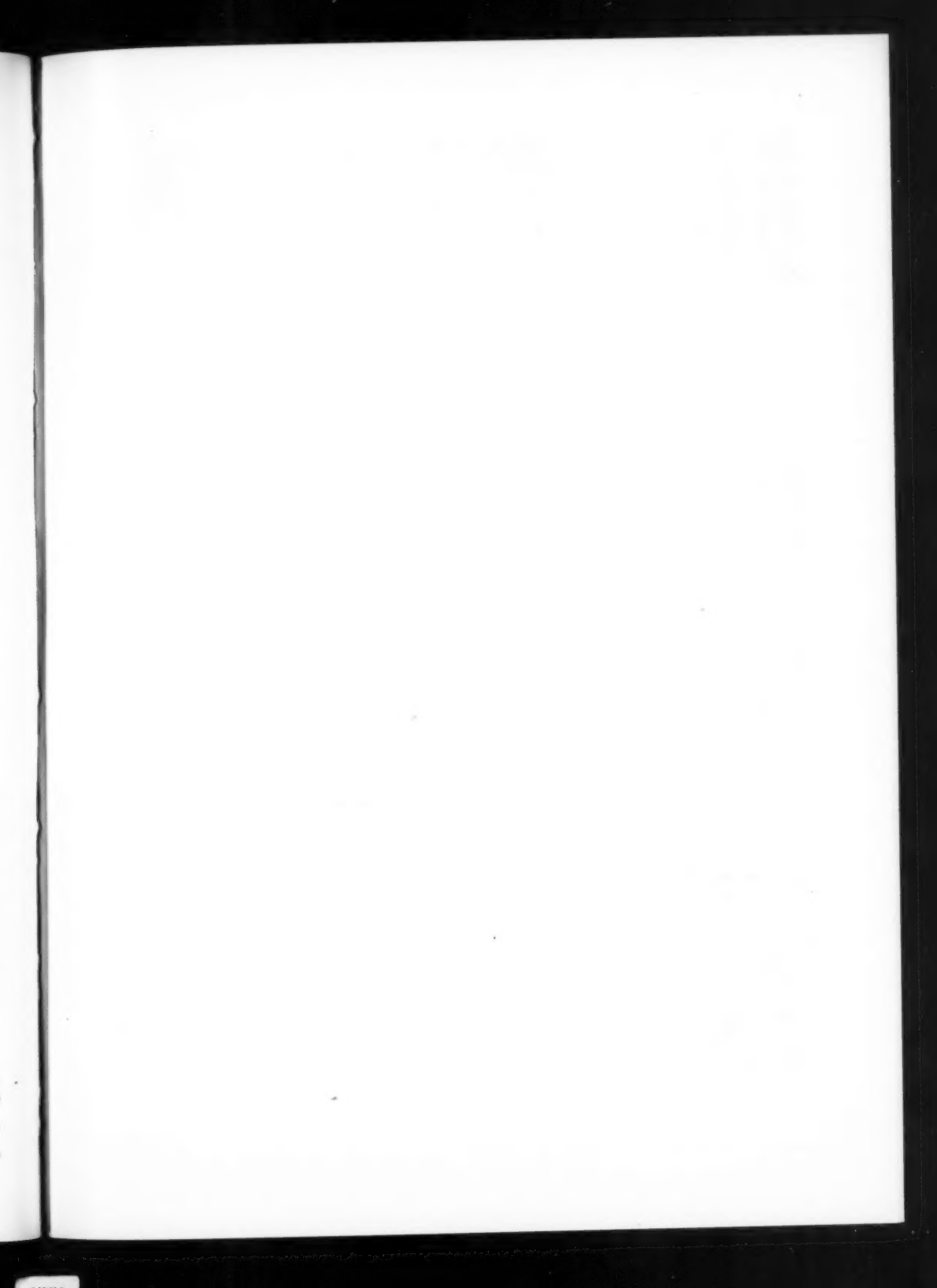
I. 1. To hinder from growing to the natural size.  
2. A pledge. 3. To coincide. 4. Pastoral pipes. 5. New and strong.

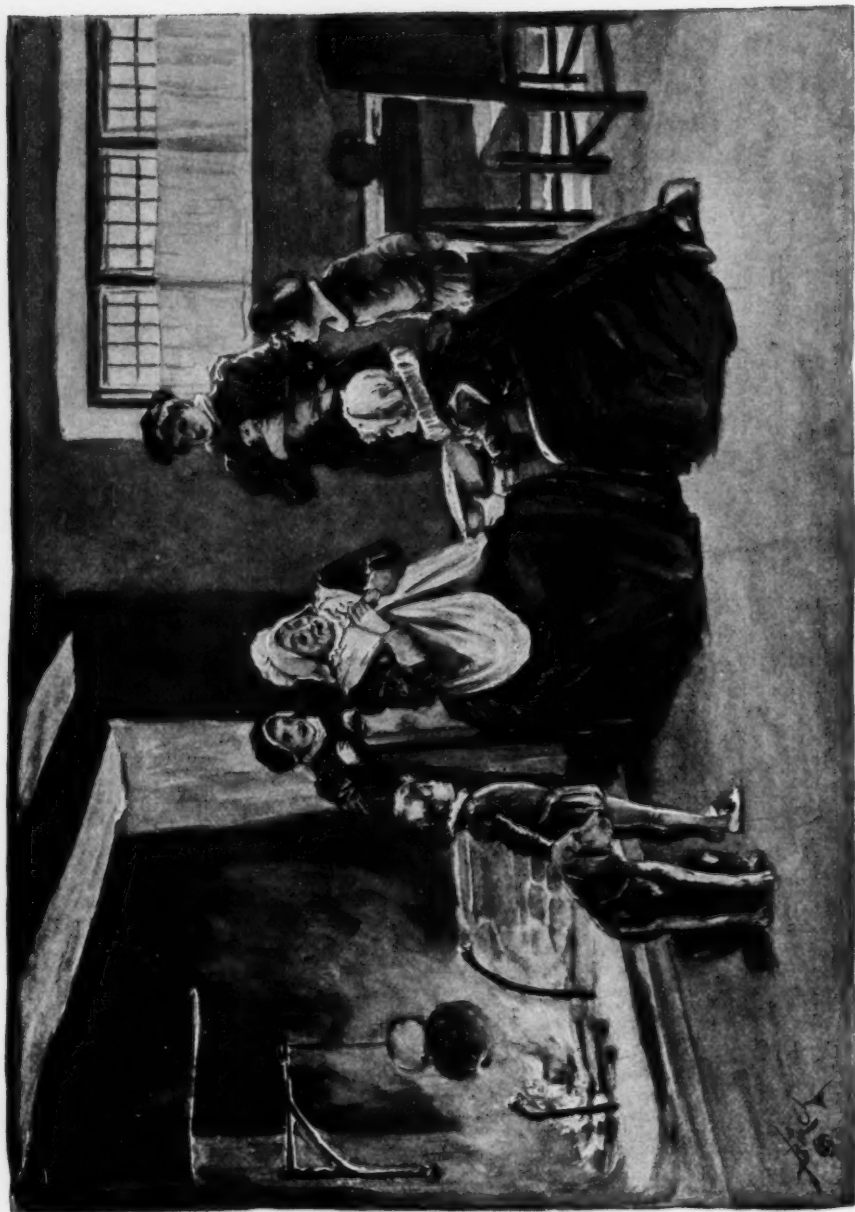
II. 1. Sorcery. 2. Solitary. 3. Pierces. 4. Very slow to act. 5. Girdles.

III. 1. Grates harshly upon. 2. A tree. 3. A merry frolic. 4. The surname of an English dramatist. 5. To speak derisively.









"MOTHERING SUNDAY."